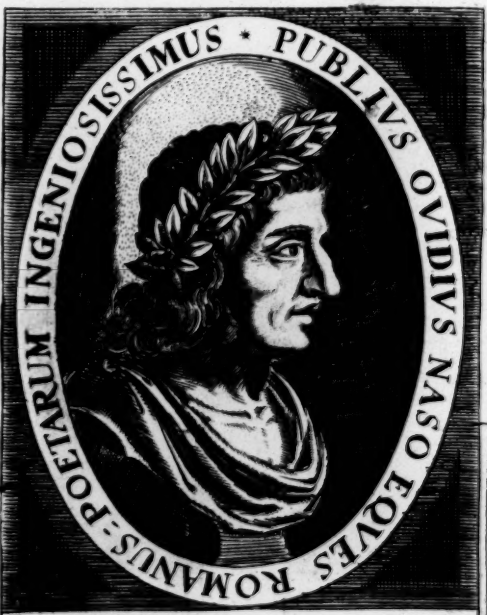
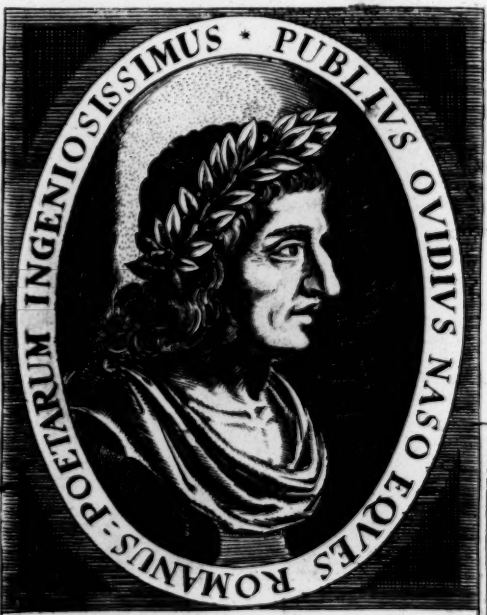


The sweet-tongd Ovid: Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y, which his owne pensil drew.
The Poet, in his deathles Poëms, view.

W. M. sculpsit.



The sweet-tongd Ovid: Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y, which his owne pensil drew.
The Poet, in his deathles Poëms, view.

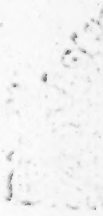
W. M. sculpsit.

OVID
DE
ARTE AMANDI.
AND THE
REMEDY of LOVE
ENGLISHED

As also the Lovs of *Hero* & *Leander*,
A mock-Poem.

Together with Choice Poems, and rare pieces of Drollery.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1662.



PUBLII, OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI: OR THE ART of LOVE.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
That in the art of Love is dull and rude,
Me let him read: and these my lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.
By art of sailes and oars, Seas are divided,
By art the Chariot runnes, by art love's guided;
By art the bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
Tiphys by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone,
Love expert *Tiphys* and *Antomedon*.
Love in himself is apish and untoward,
Yet being a child, I'le whip him when he's froward;
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the string'd Lute a sweet division:
Art on his rude and stern aspect did cease,
Instructing him in old *Phelevides*:
He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes
Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
His furious rage [illegible] who to be a Suitor,
And with submission [illegible] to his Tutor.

Æneides by *Chiron* was instructed,
And by my Art is Love himself conducted.
Both goddess sons, *Venus* and *Thetis* joys,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and unhappy boys:
Yet the stiff Bulls neck by the Yoke is worn,
The proud Steed shews the bit which he doth scorn,
And though Loves darts my own heart cleaves asunder,
Yet by my Art the wag shall be kept under,
And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
The more I will revenge me of my wound:
Sacred *Apollo* witness of my flame,
Behold thy Arts I do not falsly claim,
Of *Clio*'s sisters, loe I take no keep,
That in the vale of *Asia* feed their sheep.
Proud sky I teach of what I have been taller,
Love bids me speak, I'le be your skilful Master:
And what I speak is true: thus I begin,
Be present at my labours, Love's fair Queen.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not near,
That use to blush, and shamfast garments wear,
That have scant ruffes, and keep your hair unseen,
Whose feet with your white Aprons covered been.
From *Vesta*'s Virgins here no place is left;
My Muse sings *Venus* spoiles and Love's sweet theft,
what kind affections Loves thoughts do pierce,
And there shall be no fault in this my Verse.

THE

The firſt Book.

FIrſt, thou that art a Freſh-man and art bent
To bear Love's armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to love, the next thing thou muſt do,
Learn how to ſpeak her fair, to plead and woo:
Laſt, having won thy Miſtriſs to thy lure,
I'le teach thee how to make that Love endure
This is my aime, I'le keep within this ſpace,
And in this road my Chariot wheel ſhall trace.
Whil'ſt thou liv'ſt free and art a Batcheler,
The love of one above the reſt prefer:
To whom thy ſoul ſays, you alone content me,
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heaven be ſent thee,
Such are not dropt down from the Azure skies,
But thou muſt ſeek her out with buſie eyes:
Well knows the Huntſ-man where his toyl to ſet,
And in what den the Boar his teeth doth whet:
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gin;
The Fiſher knows what pool moſt fiſh are in:
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a Lover,
Learn in what place moſt Virgins to diſcover.
I do not bid thee ſail the Seas to ſeek,
Or travel far to find one thou doſt like;
Like *Perſeus* that among the *Negroes* fought,
And fair *Andromeda* from *India* brought;
Or *Paris*, who to ſteal that dainty piece,
Travel'd as far as 'Twixt *Troy* and *Greece*.

Behold the populous City in her pride,
Yields thee more choice then all the world beside:
More eares of ripe corn grows not in the fields,
Nor half so many boughs the forrest yields:
So many green leaves grow not in the woods,
Nor swim so many fish in the salt flouds;
So many starrs in heaven you cannot see,
As there be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Fair *Venus* in the City of her son,
Is honoured with *Æneas* first begun;
If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
More Virgins thou maist see then can be told.
If women of indifferent age will ease thee,
Amongst a thousand thou maist choose to please thee,
If ancient women, in the City be
Matrons admired for their gravity.
To find a Matron, VVidow, or young Maid,
VValk but at such time under *Pompey's* shade.
VVhen as the Sun mounts on the *Lion's* back,
And store of all degrees thou shalt not lack.
Or to that marble walk, which was begun
And ended by a Mother and her Son.
Abroad, at noon, betimes, or evening late.
That day which we to *Luna* consecrate,
Or to the fifty sisters *Belus* daughters,
That all, save one, made of their husbands slaughters.
Or that same holiday we yearly keep,
In which fair *Venus* doth for *Adon* weep;
Or in the seventh day sacred more then all,
VVhich the *Jews* Nation do their Sabboth call:
Or to the *Memphian* Church, where many a Vow
Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her Cow;
Or to the market-place which way is short,
VVomen of all estates do there resort.
Repair else to the Pulpits, even the same
In which our learned Orators declaime;
Here often is the pleaders tongue struck dumb
By those attractive eyes that thither come.
There he to whom anothers cause is known,
Speaking of that, wants words to plead his own.

Venus

Venus rejoycing ſmiles to ſee from far,
The Lawyer made a client at the Bar.
But moſt of all I would have thee ſtir,
At the Play time unto the Theater,
Where thou ſhalt find them thick in a great number.
The matted ſeats, and the degrees to cumber.
Amongſt that goodly crew thou maiſt behold
Whom thou both lov'ſt, ſueſt to, and fain would hold.
Look as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heavy burdens trooping go:
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flye,
Beating each one her honey in her thigh;
And round about the ſpacious fields do ſtray,
So do the faireſt women to a Play,
That I have wondred how it could include,
Of beauty ſuch a gallant multitude.
There many a captive look hath conquered been,
Thither ſole armed men to ſee and to be ſeen.
Great *Romulus* thou firſt theſe Playes contrives,
To git thy widdowed ſouldiers *Sabines* wives.
In thoſe dayes from the marble houſe did wave,
No ſail, no ſilken flag, no enſigne brave:
The Tragick Stage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed colours tempered:
Then did the Scene want art, the unready ſtage
Was made of graſſe and earth in that rude age.
Round about which the boughs were thickly placed,
The people did not think themſelves diſgraced.
Of tough and heathy ſods to have their ſeats
Made in degree of ſods and maſſy peats.
Thus plac'd in order, every *Roman* bride
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her ſide
Sate him down cloſe, and ſeverally did move
The innocent *Sabine* women to their love.
And whil'ſt the piper *Thamſus* rudely plaid,
And by her ſtamping with his foot had made
A ſign unto the reſt, there was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report pierc't all the air about.
Now with a ſign of rape given from the King,
Round through the houſe the luſty *Romans* fling,

Leaving no corner of the ſame unſought;
Till every one a frighted Virgin caught:
Look as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lamb when he a Wolf eſpies:
So run theſe poor girles, filling the air with ſhrieks,
Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks;
One fear poſſeſt them all, but not one look;
This tears her hair, ſhe hath her wits forſook.
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chafe, ſome flye, ſome ſtand, but frighted all:
Thus were the raviſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becoming ſhame unto each *Roman*'s bed.
If any ſtriv'd againſt it, ſtrait her man
Would take her on his knee, whom fear made wan,
And ſay why weepeſt thou, ſweet what ail'ſt my dear?
Dry up thoſe drops, thoſe clouds of ſorrow clear;
I'le be to thee, if thou thy grief wilt ſmother,
Such as thy father was unto thy mother.
Full well could *Romulus* his ſouldiers pleaſe,
To give them ſuch fair Miſtreſſes as theſe.
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt give to me,
Great *Romulus* thy ſouldier I will be.
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath bin
Even like a trap to take fair wenches in.
Frequent the Tilt-yard, for there oft times are
Cluſters of people thronging at the barre.
Thou ſhalt not need there with thy fingers becken,
Of winking ſigns, or cloſe nods do not reckon;
But where thy Miſtris ſits do thou abide,
Who ſhall forbid thee to attain her ſide?
As near as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelf be ſet.
If thou beeſt mute and baſhful I will teach,
How to begin and break the Ice of ſpeech.
Ask whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide him,
Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him,
Which in the courſe of barriers beſt did do,
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou favour to.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit,
Applaud fair *Venus*, with thy Miſtris hand it.

If

If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Look with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all,
And though none fall, yet look that without ſcoff
Thou with thy duteous hand beat that without off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty,
None can be too ſervile unto beauty.
If her looſe garments hang down at the skirt,
Lick up the duſt or fall into the dirt:
Officious be to lift it up again,
And from the ſluttiſh earth to bear her train.
Haply thy duteous guardian ſuch may be,
That thou her foot or well ſhap't leg may ſee.
Beware that none behind her rudely cruſh her,
Or with his hard knees or his elbows bruſh her.
Small favours Womens light thoughts captivate,
And many in their loves makes fortunate.
Beating the duſt, or fanning the freſh air,
Or to her weary foot but adde a ſtair;
Such diligence and duty often proves
Great furtherance to many in their loves.
Within theſe liſts hath *Cupid* battel ſounded,
And he that makes men wounds, himſelf bin wounded.
As careleſs of himſelf he pries about,
To know which conquerors of the champions ſtout
He feels himſelf piere't with a flying dart,
And wounded ſore, complains him of his heart.
Oh what aſſembly did there come to ſee,
Great *Caſar* ſtand in all his royalty.
Praiſing his prizes in their ſhouts and skips,
Took in the *Perſian* and *Athenian* ſhips,
From both ſides of the Seas young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all ſorts to ſee the ſame.
Then was the City throng'd, who could not find
In that fair crew a Saint to pleaſe his mind.
Oh Gods! how many did kind fancy drive,
Strangers to us, us unto them do wive.
Behold great *Caſar* through the whole world framed
Will adde unto the nations he hath tamed.
The Eaſtern kingdoms hereto over paſt,
And they of all his Conqueſt ſhall be laſt.

See where a stout revenger comes in armes,
Whose haughty breast the flower of honour warmes
That being but a child leads war in chains,
But more then children can by war constrains,
Thy birth-day shall by general accord,
With all the newest vertues be ador'd.
Thy wisdome which might well become the aged,
Shall in the self same rank be equipaged;
That all the world may wonder one so young,
Hath such a ripe wit, and so quaint a tongue.
Thy gifts out strip thy age: whose slow pace lingers.
Such was his instant strength, who 'twixt his fingers
Crusht two invenom'd Snakes being in the cradle.
What would he do being mounted on the saddle?
As great as *Bacchus* when his years yet green,
Was in his power among the *Indies* seen:
Is *Cæsars* heir unto his Fathers spirit,
That his fore fathers vertues do inherit,
With their auspicious fortune proudly dight
Wars, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight.
Such be the fates decree must be his fame
That shall wage battel under *Cæsars* name.
Live still, thou youth, of whom thou now art King;
With milk white heads and beards thy praises sing.
Revenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father.
And to the wars millions of people gather.
Thy father, and thy countreys father too.
Case thee in armes 'gainst thy insulting foe;
Thou bear'st religious armes, so doth not he,
Wrong leads him forth, but justice fights for thee.
Behold the *Parthians* are already slain,
The East yields homage to the *Latine* train.
Cæsar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
Be powerful in his journey, now he goeth,
I prophesie his conquest, and his praise,
In a rich stile unto the heavens I'le raise:
With my field words he shall his army cheer,
Which with their sweet sound shall enchant each ear;
Whilst I the *Parthians* flight describe at large,
Who backward shoot, as flying their foes charge.

And

And of the *Romans* reſolution write,
In vain poſt *Parthian* ſouldier thou doſt fight.
Mars the great god of armes, forſake thy drum,
In vain thou hop'ſt by flight to overcome.
In what day ſhale thou, faireſt of all t ings,
Be deckt with gold, attended on by Kings;
And drawn along by four white ſnowy Steeds,
To royallize thy acts and famous deeds:
The whil'ſt thy troops of ſouldiers round invirons
The Captain of the enemy bound with irons;
Giving their legs to keep them from the fl ght,
Which they before did practiſe in their fight.
The joyful young men mingled with ſweet laſſes,
Wil crou d and preſſe to ſee him as he paſſes;
And now being met, no ſweet occaſion balk,
Make ſpeech of any thing to enter talk:
Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take upon thee to explain each show.
As thus ſhe *Euphrates* that firſt proceeds.
Having her head bound with a wreath of reeds,
Call the next *Tigris* with her hair all blue.
Maids may be flattered, to think fain d things true.
Say this preſents *Armenia*, *Danae* ſhe,
To the next place let *Achemenia* be.
That man's a conqueror, captives they that tremble;
Speak truly, if thou canſt; if not, diſſemble.
Thence if you go to banquet and ſit down,
To taſte ſweet viands, and to drink a round;
There may thy thoughts unto my Art incline,
Obſerving Love more than the crimſon VVine;
Cupid himſelf always inured to tapes,
Hath with his own white hand preſt *Bacchus* grapes.
Untill his wings with ſprinkled wine made wet,
He heavy ſits, and ſleeps where he is ſet.
The dew from off his feathers ſoon he ſhakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry air takes;
But from his breaſt ſo ſoon he cannot drive,
Love ſprinkled there, though ne're ſo much he ſtrive.
VVine doth prepare the ſpirits, heats the brains hot,
Expels deep cares, make ſorrows quite forgot:

Moves mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man (proud,
And not remembring need to laugh aloud;
Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudeneſs baniſh,
Refineth arts, and at wines fight woes vaniſh.
In wine hath many a young mans heart bin took,
And born away in a fair wenches look.
In wine is luſt and rankneſs of deſire;
Joyn wine and love, and you adde fire to fire.
Chooſe not a face by Torch-light, but by day,
Onely groſſe faults ſuch ſplendours can bewray.
Truſt no made lights, they will deceive thine eye;
Thou canſt not judge by Torch-light, nor in twy.
At the broad noon-tide, when the ſun ſhin'd rareſt,
Did *Paris* ſay to *Helen*, thou art faireſt.
The night hides faults, the midnight hour is blind,
And no miſhap't deformity can find.
Stones and dy'd Scarlet by the day we chuſe:
The broad day and bright ſun in beauty uſe.
Sometimes unto thoſe places task thy feet,
Where the fair forreſt hamtreſſes do meet
In number more then Seafands, elſe prepare
To the warm bathes, where many a female are.
There ſome or other hurt by *Cupids* ſtroke,
Where troubled waters with warm brimſtone ſmoke,
Miſtakes the wounds, cauſe and exclaming raves,
Not blaming Love, but thoſe unwholſome waves.
See where *Diana's* grovie Temple ſtands,
Where Kingdoms have been won by ſlaughtring hands;
Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loathes and lives chaſt ſtill.
Much people he hath ſlain, and much ſhall kill.
Thus far my Muſe hath ſung in divers ſtrains.
Where thou maiſt find fit place to ſet thy trains.
My next endeavour is to lay the ground,
To atchieve and win the Miſtriſs thou haſt found.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And uſe attention to their diſciplines.
The firſt ſtrict Precept I enjoin your ſence,
Needful to be obſerv'd is conſcience:
Be confident, thy ſuit being once begun,
And build on this, they all are to be wonne.

First shall the birds that welcome in the spring,
All muse and dumb, for ever cease to sing.
The summer Ants leave their industrious pains,
And from their full mouthes cast their loaded gains,
The swift *Menalian* hounds that chasing are
Shall frighted run back from the trembling hare
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee,
Poor fool, shall have the hard heart to deny thee.
Stoln pleasure, which to men is never hateful,
To women, is now and at all times ever grateful:
The difference is, a Maid her love will cover,
Men are more impudent and publick lovers:
Tis meet we men should ask the question still,
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers strength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull she through the field will bellow.
The Maire neighs after the courageous Steed,
But humane lust doth not so much exceed.
Our flame hath lawful bonds, keep time and season
Nor bestial made like theirs, but mixt with reason.
Should I of *Biblis* speak, whose hot desire
Doth to the Brothers Lawless bed aspire:
And when the incestuous deed she well suspendeth,
With resolution her sweet life she endeth.
Mirrha the love of her own father sought,
Affecting him, but not as daughters ought:
Her body in a tree rough rinde appears;
And with her sweet and odoriferous tears,
Our bodies we perfume, these are the same,
Mirrh of their Mistriss, *Mirrha* that bears the name.
In *Ida* of tall trees and Cedars full,
There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull,
Snow white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there grew.
Save that one staine he was of milky hew,
This Bullock did the Heifers of the groves,
Desire to bear as Prince of all their droves,
But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous breath,
Envies the lovely Heifers to the death.
I speak known truth this cannot *Crete* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on high.

Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſſe,
Did uſe to top freſh boughs and mow young graſſe.
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queen afeard,
To grow a kinde companion to the herd.
This through the campaigne ſhe is madly born,
And a wild Bull to *Minoi* gives the horn.
Tis not for bravery he doth love or loath thee,
Then when, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloath thee?
Why do'ſt thou thus thy face and looks prepare?
What mak'ſt thou with thy glaſſe ordering thy hair?
Unleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeem a Cow,
And how can horns grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeek thee,
Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill encreaſt,
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt.
Thus by the Queen the wild woods are frequented,
And leaving the Kings bed ſhe is contented
To uſe the groves, born by the rage of mind,
Even as a ſhip with a full Eaſtern wind.
How often hath she with an envious eye
Lookt on the Cow that by her Bull did lie,
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer move
My hearts chief Lord, and urge him to her love.
Behold, how ſhe before him joyful skips,
And proudly jetting on the green graſs lips
To pleaſe his amorous eye: then charg'd the Queen,
See in theſe fields that Cow no more be ſeen.
No ſooner to her ſervants had she ſpoke,
But the poor beaſt was ſtraight put to the yoke.
Some of theſe ſtrumpet Heifers the Queen ſlew,
And their warm bloud the Altars did imbrue;
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripe their trembling entrails in her hands;
Oft pray'd she to the gods, but all in vain,
To appeaſe their deities with bloud of beaſts thus ſlain,
And to their bowels ſpake, go, go, be gon
To pleaſe him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth ſhe wish her ſelf *Europa* then,
To be fair, ſo pasturing in the Fen.

Io a beast in shape, hide, hoof, and horn;
Onely *Europa* on a beast was born.
At length the Captain of the herd beguil'd
With a Cows skin with curious art compil'd
The longing Queen obtain'd her full desire,
And in the childs birth did bewray the fire.
Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thyestes* bed.
She had not with her child been banished;
Nor *Phœbus* stopt his *Car* that so bright burned,
And his Steeds back unto the morning turned.
King *Nisus* daughter that was held so fair,
Stole from her Fathers head the purple hair:
And hanging at the ship, in her fall
Chang'd to a bird in voice, in shape and all.
Another *Scylla* was by *Circe*'s spells
Made a Sea monster, and in the Ocean dwells:
Beneath whose navel barketh many a hound,
Whose ravenous gulf like throats, Ship and men
The wisest of great *Alcides* that by land (drown'd.
Fled the great god of war, and did withstand
Neptune by Sea, behold alas she dies
A woful and lamented Sacrifice:
Whose sorrows onely not bright *Crusa*'s flame,
Wishing their salt tears might have quencht the same,
Who could but weep to see young children slain,
Wnilst their warm blouds their mothers garments
Phanux, *Anutor*'s daughter she laments (stain.
The swift pact hurrying chariot tears and rents.
Chief mischief all by womens lust engender;
Some of their hearts be tough, though most be tender,
Womens desires are burning, some contagious,
Mens are more temperate far, and less outragious:
Then in my Art proceed, nor doubt to enjoy
And win all women be they ne're so coy.
Use them by my directions, being learn'd by thee,
Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:
Yet love they to be urg'd by some constraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant:
But take thou no repulse; is't not a treasure
To enjoy new delights and taste fresh pleasure?

Variety

Variety of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
And acceptableſt to a womans will:
They think that corn beſt in anothers field,
Their neighbours goat the ſweeteſt milk doth yield.
But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtriſs laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted with her Maid:
She can prepare the way, ſeek thy redreſs,
And by her means thou maiſt have ſweet acceſs.
To her familiar ear your counſels ſhow,
And all your private pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward,
With her thats eaſie which to thee ſeems hard:
She can chuſe times, ſo times Phyſitians keep,
When in thy Miſtriſs arms thou ſafe maiſt ſleep,
And that muſt be when ſhe is apt to yield.
What time the ripe corn ſwells within the field,
When baniſht ſorrows, from her heart remove,
And gives mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to love.
While ſt Troy was penſive, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they ſecurely ſlept.
Yet ſomtimes prove her, when thou find'ſt her ſad,
Mourning her own wrong with ſome uſage bad.
Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,
Shee'l grace thee to revenge her former wrong.
Her may the induſtrious made prepare.
And ſoftly whiſper, yet that ſhe may hear,
Such wrongs no woman that hath ſpirit can bear:
So ſhe proceeds to thee, lifts thy praiſes high,
Swear for her chaſte love thou art bent to die,
And there ſtep in, and doubt not to prevail.
Yet ere her furious anger hath ſtroke ſail,
Rage in that Sea: delay conſumes and dies,
Like ice againſt the Sun; no grace deſpiſe
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy power
Seek by convenient means her to deflower.
She is induſtrious and made apt for ſport,
And by her office limits your reſort,
She, if her counſel may be cloſely kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.

All is hap hazard, though it be with pain,
My counsel is from these things to abstain.
I will not headlong over mountains tread,
Nor following me shall any be misled:
But of the maid by whom thou send'st thy Letter,
With her care please thee well, with her face better
Begin not therefore with the maid to toy,
Thy Mistris love and favour first enjoy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
Nor let my words amongst the winds depart:
If thou hast mov'd her once take no denial,
Resolve to act, or never to make trial,
From fear and blame thou art secure and free,
As soon as she partakes the crime with thee.
You see the bird that to the morning sings,
Cannot soare high when she hath lim'd her wings;
Nor can the savage Boar with grisled back,
Break through those toils, which he before made slack
The fish that glides along the silver brook,
Is quickly drawn, being wounded with the hook,
So having once but tride her, make her yield,
And never part, but conquer from the field:
The fault being mutual, knowing how she fell,
The bashful girle will be ashamed to tell.
But she can shew thee in familiar phrase,
Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and says.
Alwaies be secret if your guilt appear,
'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetual fear.
He is deceiv'd that thinks all times availe
For Swains to turn the earth, Seamen to saile:
All seasons are not kinde when men should sow.
Times must be pickt, to have your grain well grow.
Nor alwaies is the surging Ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ship may sail in it:
Nor is it alwaies time fair Girles to woo;
Sometimes abstain, so doth thy Master do.
Omit her birth day, and those Kalends misse,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstain to kisse:
At some forbidden seasons being deckt
With princely 'tire, use her with great respect.

In

In the bream winter when that *Phœbus* rain,
From the ſweet work of Venus moſt abſtain:
Forbear the like reſort among thy wenches,
When that the tender Kid the Ocean drenches.
Thou ſhalt begin even in that very day,
When woful and lamenting *Adula*
Looks on the tragick earth made crimſon red
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled.
Or in the ſeventh feaſt which is held divine.
And honoured by the men of *Paleſtine*.
Thy Ladies birth-day Ceremonies make,
And ſuperſtitiouſly all works forſake;
Above all days let that a blask day be,
When thou giv'ſt ought, or ſhe doth beg of thee.
You ſhall have ſome into your boſoms creep.
Who jeſtingly will ſnatch things they will keep,
And by ſome ſlight and wanton ſuit,
To enrich themſelves will leave thee deſtitute.
Firſt ſhall the Linnen Draper bring his wares.
And lay his pack wide open at the Fairs
She will peruſe them as thou ſtand'ſt her nigh,
The whil'ſt the Draper asks what will you buy?
Strait will ſhe crave thy judgement in the Lawn.
Thou by degrees to ſhew thy skill art drawn:
Then will ſhe kiſs thee, pray thee ſhe may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art won to buy it.
Canſt thou deny the wanton, ſhe will ſwear,
This gift will ſerve her uſe for many a year:
It is now cheap, ſhe hath great need of this;
And every word ſhe mingles with a kiſs.
Haſt thou no coyn about thee thou ſhalt ſend,
To intreat it by a Letter from thy friend.
What? muſt I needs preſent her with this casket,
Becauſe that on her birth-day ſhe doth ask it?
Then every day ſhe wants ſhe will be ſworn,
That as that very day ſhe's bred and born,
Or when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
And faining ſome falſe loſs much ſeeking keeps,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome precious thing.
A jewel from her ear, her hand a ring.

Whats

Whats that to me, or if I here her pray
To borrow this or that until ſome day.
Whats lent is loſt, and to be found no more:
Women things borrowed never will reſtore.
Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart
Half the ſleights uſed in the Strumpets art.
Make love with Letters and thy money ſave,
And let them wax, and ink, and paper have;
Keep what thou haſt, for words good words ſurrender.
For flattery like falſhood ever tender.
Fair words are cheap, what more thou giv'ſt is loſt,
Flatter, ſpeak fair, 'tis done with little coſt.
Old *Troy* by intreaty *Helen* won,
Which brib'd *Achilles* never would have done;
Force is but weak, intreaty hath her odds;
So we intreat, but not enforce the gods.
A promiſe is a charm to make fools fat,
Be full of them, promiſe no matter what.
A promiſe is a meet inchanting witch.
By promiſes 'tis an eaſie matter to be rich.
The hope of gain will keep thy credit free,
Hope is a goddeſſe falſe, yet true to thee.
Give her and ſay, you part on ſome diſdain.
Thou by her looſeth, ſhe by thee ſhall gain.
Be always giving, but your gift ſtill keep,
And thy delays in words well harmed ſteep:
So hath the barren field deceiv'd the ſwain;
So doth the Gameſter loſe in hope to gain.
Love that on even hands grows is moſt pure.
That which comes *gratis* longeſt doth endure.
Write firſt, and let thy pleaſant lines ſalute her.
A Letter breaks the ice of any Suitor:
A Letter in an apple writ and ſent.
Won fair *Cydippe* to her lovers bent.
You *Roman* Youths all other toys reſign,
Leave the ſeven Liberal Arts and Muſes nine:
As when you hear an Orator declaime,
The people judge, and Senate grace the ſame.
So when the fair maids thou ſhalt come among,
Speak well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,

Dats dona ſicut dat mella genista.

But

But ſpeak not by the book, it breeds offence,
To court in ſtrange and fuſtian eloquence:
None but a gull ſuch Baſtard words will praiſe,
Or in his ſpeech uſe an inforced phraſe.
Who but a mad man elſe with Orations,
Plead to his love and woo in declamations
Uſe a ſmooth language, and accuſtomed ſpeech,
And with no ſtraining diſcourſe love beſeech,
As if thou cam'ſt to ſpeak a ſtuddied part,
But as immediately ſent from the heart.
If ſhe receive thy lines, and ſcorns to read them,
But caſting them away, on the ground tread them:
Deſpaire not though, but that ſhe may in time,
And will with judging eyes peruſe thy rime,
In time the ſtubborn Heifers draw the wain,
In time thewildeſt ſteeds do brook the rain.
Time frets hard iron, in time the plowſhares worn
Yet the ground ſoft by which the ſteele is torn.
Whats harder then a ſtone, or what more ſoft
Then water is, and yet by dropping oft
The gentle rain will eat into the flints,
And in their hard ſides leaves impreſſive dints,
Do but perſiſt the ſuit thou haſt begun,
In time will chaſte *Penelope* be won:
Long was it ere the City *Troy* was tane:
Yet was it burnt at length and *Priam* ſlain.
Hath ſhe peruſ'd the ſcroul thou didſt indite,
And will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write:
Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
That ſhe hath read it, and thy love doth ſee.
Fear not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt writ,
She will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
At firſt perhaps her Letter will bee ſower.
And on thy hopes her paper ſeem to lowre,
In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſuit;
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forwarns ſhe moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Onely purſue to reap what thou haſt ſown,
A million to a mite ſhe is thy own.

If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Down on her back and upwards with her face.
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thank thy fate.
Steal to her beſides with a thieviſh gate;
And having won, unto her wiſely bear thee,
With watchful care that no eavſ-dropper hear thee.
Or if ſhe walk abroad without delay,
Be thou a quick ſpie to obſerve her way.
Keep in her eye, and croſs her in the ſtreet,
Here overtake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behind her, then out-ſtrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace;
Now faſt, now ſlow, and ever move ſome ſtay,
That ſhe may find thee ſtill firſt in her way;
Nor be afraid if thou occaſion ſpy,
To jog her elbow as thou paſſeſt by:
Or if thou happeneſt to behold from far,
Thy Miſtriſs croſſing to the Theater;
Hie to the place, being there look round about thee,
And in no ſeat let her be found without thee:
No matter though the Play thou do not mind,
Thou ſights enough within her face ſhalt find;
There ſtand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There ſpeaking looks may whiſper thy deſire.
Applaud him whom ſhe likes, if thou diſcover
In any ſtrain a true well-acted Lover:
Make him thy inſtance, court her by all skill;
If ſhe riſe, riſe, if ſhe ſit, ſit thee ſtill:
Laugh thou but when ſhe ſmiles, die when ſhe lowres,
And in her looks and geſtures looſe thy hours.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not wear,
Uſe not hot irons to criſp and curl thy hair;
No ſpruce ſtarcht faſhions ſhould on Lovers wait,
Men beſt become a meer neglected gate.
Blunt *Theſeus* came with no perfumes to *Crete*,
And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him ſweet;
Phædra did love *Hyppolitus*, yet he
Had on his back no courtly bravery.
Adonis like a wood-man ſtill was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the lovely lad.

When thou meeteſt her abroad.

When thou findeſt her in the Theater.

If

Go

Go neat and handſome, comelineſs beſt pleaſes,
And the deſire of women ſooneſt ceaſes.
Uſe a meet gate, thy garments without ſtain.
Keep not thy face from weather nor from rain,
Thy tongue have without roughneſs, thy teeth clear
And white, and let no ruſt inhabit there.
Were thy ſhoes cloſe and fit, and net too wide;
Cut thy hair compaſs, even on either ſide:
Let no diſordred hairs here and there ſtand.
But have thy Beard trimm'd with a skilful hand:
Make blunt thy nails, pare them and keep them low,
Let no ſtiff hairs within thy noſtrils grow:
Keep thy breath ſweet and freſh, leſt ranck it ſmell,
Such is the air where bearded Goats do dwell.
All other looſe tricks and effeminate toys,
Leave thou to wanton Girles and jugling Boys.
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He favours Lovers and thoſe amorous flames
The tale of Theſeus and Ariadne. — In which he hath been ſcorcht; it ſo fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* ſtraid the Iſle about;
Being left alone within that deſert plain,
Weere the brook *Dia* pores into the main.
Who making from her reſt, her vail unbound,
Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden hair diſſolved, aloud ſhe raves,
Calling on *Theſeus* to the diffuſed waves,
On *Theſeus*, cruel *Theſeus*, whom ſhe ſeeks,
Whil'ſt showers of tears, makes furrows in her cheeks;
She calls and weeps, and weeps and calls at once,
Which might to ruth move the ſenceleſs ſtones.
Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
The whilſt ſhe ſtrives to call him, or cry faſter.
Then beats ſhe her ſoft breaſt, and makes it groan,
And then ſhe cries, what? is falſe *Theſeus* gon?
What ſhall I do? ſhe cries, what ſhall I do?
And with that note ſhe runs the Forreſt through.
When ſuddenly her eares might underſtand,
Cymbals and Timbrels touch't with a loud hand:
To which the forreſt, woods and caves reſound,
And now amaz'd ſhe ſenceleſs falls to ground.

Behold

Behold the *Nymphes* come with their ſcattered hair
Falling behinde, which they like garments wear,
And the light *Satyres*, and untoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* with his lazy aſſe,
Nods with his drunken pate about to paſſe.
Where the poor Lady all in tears lies drown'd.
Scarce ſits the drunkard but he falls to ground.
Scarce holds the bridle faſt, but ſtaggering ſtoops,
Following thoſe giddy *Bacchanalian* troops;
Who dance the wild *Lavalto* on the graſſe,
Whilſt with a ſtaff he lays upon his aſſe
At length when the young *Satyrs* leaſt ſuſpect,
He tumbling falls quite from his aſſes neck,
But up they heave him, whilſt each *Satyre* cries,
Riſe good old Father, good old Father riſe.
Now comes the god himſelf, next after him,
His vine like Chariot driven with *Tygres* grimme:
Colour and voice, and *Theſeus* ſhe doth lack:
There would ſhe fly, and there fear pull'd her back.
She trembles like a ſtalk the wind doth ſhake,
Or a weak reed that grows beſide the lake.
To whom the gods ſpake, Lady take good cheer.
See one more faithful then falſe *Theſeus* here.
Thou ſhalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,
Receive high heaven, and to the ſpheres be lift,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine a ſtar, to guide by night
The wandring Seaman in his courſe aright.
This ſaid, leaſt that his *Tygres* ſhould aſtray,
The trembling maid, the god his Coach doth ſtay.
And leaping from his Chariot with his heels.
He prints the ſand, with that the *Nymph* he feels;
And hugging her, in vain ſhe doth reſiſt:
He bears her thence, gods can do what they liſt.
Some *Hymen* ſing, and *Io* cry,
So *Bacchus* with the maid that night doth lie.
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night unto thy love doth owe,
Pray to the god of grapes that in thy beu.
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.

Love tricks used in eating and drinking.

In wine much hidden talk thou maiſt invent,
To give thy Lady note of thy intent.
To tell her thou art hers, and ſhe is thine,
Thus even at board make love tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy ſpeaking eye to move thy ſuit:
Good language may be made in looks and winks,
Be firſt that takes the cup wherein ſhe drinks.
And note the very place her lip did touch,
Drink juſt at that, let thy regard be ſuch.
Or when ſhe carves, what part of all the meat
She with her finger touch that eat and eat:
Or if thou carve to her, or ſhe to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her friend familiar, and be ſure,
It much avails to make thy love endure.
When thou drink'ſt drink to him above the reſt,
Grace him, and make thy ſelf a thankful gueſt.
In every thing prefer him to his face,
Though in his function he be ne're ſo baſe.
The courſe is ſafe and doth ſecureneſs lend,
For who ſuſpectleſs may not greet his friend.
Yet though the path thou tread'ſt ſeem ſtraight and plain,
In ſome things it is full of rubs again.
Drink ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſingling him take not too much.

Carrouſe not to much.

Carrouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Have a regard and meaſure in your cups.
Let both the feet and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling, which may grow
By too much wine, from fighting moſt abſtain,
In ſuch a quarrel was *Eurition* ſlain.
Where ſwaggering leads the way miſchief comes after,
Junkets and wine were made for mirth and laughter.

Sing. Dance.

Sing if thy voice be delicate and ſweet,
If thou canſt dance then nimbly ſhake thy feet
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more then common,
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the brain,
Yet now and then I hold it good to fain.

Inſtruct

Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſs thy lip:
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be judg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay, how happy were that man,
That could enfold thee in his armes, and then
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her care thou raveſt to ſee dead.
But when the Tables drawn, and ſhe among
The full crew riſing, thruſt into the throng,
And touch her ſofily as ſhe forth doth go,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeak, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both love and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true love ſhow,
Good words unwares upon thy tongue will flow.
Make as thy tongue could wound thy ſoul with grief,
And uſe what art thou canſt to win relief.
All women of themſelves ſelf loved are,
The fouleſt in their own conceits are fair:
Praiſe them they will believe. thee I have known
A meer diſſembler a true lover grown.
Proving in earneſt what he fain'd in ſport,
Then, oh you Maids, uſe Men in gentle ſort.
Be affable, and kind, and ſcorn eſchew,
Love forg'd at firſt may at the laſt prove true.
Let fair words work into their hearts as brooks,
Into a hollow band that overlooks
The margent of the water. praiſe her cheek,
The colour of her hair commend and like,
Her ſlender finger, and her pretty foot,
Her body, and each part that 'longs unto't.
And women as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you,
I charge you to believe men when they praiſe you;
For praiſes pleaſe the chaſteſt maids delight,
To hear their Lovers in their praiſe to write.
Juno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrygian* ſoil,
VVhere *Paris* to their beauties gave the foil.
Even yet they envy *Venus* and ſtill dare her.
To come to a new Judgement which is fairer.

The

The Peacock being praiſed ſpreads his train,
Be ſilent and he hides his wealth again.
Horſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
They will ſurvet and proudly mend their pace.
Large promiſes in love I much allow,
Nay call the gods as witneſs to thy vow:
For *Jove* himſelf ſits in the azure ſkies,
And laught below at lovers perjuries.
Commanding *Eolus* to diſperſe them quite,
Even *Jove* himſelf hath falſly ſworn ſome write,
By *Styx* to *Juno*, and ſince then doth ſhow,
Favours to us that falſly ſwear below.
Gods ſurely be gods, we muſt think they are,
To them burn incenſe and due rights prepare;
Nor do they ſleep, as many think they do,
Lead harmleſs lives, pay debts and forfeits too;
Keep covenant with thy friend and banish fraud,
Kill not, and ſuch a man the gods applaud.
Say women none deceive, the gods have ſpoken,
There is no pain impoſ'd on faith ſo broken.
Fallere fallentem non eſt fraus — Deceive the fly deceiver, they find ſnares,
To catch poor harmleſſe Lovers unawares.
Lay the like trains for them; nine year ſome fain
Buſiris killed Thratius becauſe he was a ſtranger. — In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of rain,
When *Thratius* to the grimme *Buſiris* goes,
And from the Oracle this anſwer showes,
That *Jove* muſt be appeas'd with ſtrangers bloud,
They ſaid *Buſiris* kill'd him where he ſtood:
And ſaid withall thou ſtranger firſt art ſlain,
To appeaſe the god and bring great *Egypt* rain
Phallaris Bull, King *Phallaris* firſt ſaid;
VVith the work maſter that the Engine made:
Both Kings were juſt, death deaths inventer try.
And juſtly in their own inventions die.
So ſhould falſe oathes, by right falſe oathes beguile
And a deceitful girle be caught by wile:
Weep to her, — Then reach thy eyes to weep, tears perſwade truth
And moves obdurate Adamant to ruth.
At ſuch ſpecial times that paſſing by.
She may perceive a teal ſtand in thy eye,

Or if teares fail, as ſtill thou canſt not get them.
With thy moiſt finger rub thy eyes and wet them.
Who but a foole that cannot judge of bliſſes,
But when he ſpeaks will with his words mixe kiſſes,
Say ſhe be coy and will give none at all,
Take them ungiven, perhaps at firſt ſhe'll brawl.
Strive and reſiſt her all the waies ſhe can,
And ſay withall away you naughty man.
Yet will ſhe fight like one would loſe the field,
And ſtriving gladly be conſtrain'd to yield.
Be not ſo boiſterous, do not ſpeak too high,
Leſt by rude hurting of her lips ſhe cry,
He that gets kiſſes with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to love belong.
I count him for a Meacock and a ſot,
Worthy to loſe the kiſſes that he got.
What more then kiſſing wanted of the game,
Was thy meer daſtardy, not baſhful ſhame.
They term it force, ſuch force comes welcome ſtill,
What pleaſeth them they grant againſt their will.
Thœbe the fair was forc'd, ſo was her ſiſter,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thankt him that kiſt her.
There is a tale well known how *Hecubs* ſon,
To ſteal fair *Hellen* through the ſtream did run,
Venus who by his cenſure won in *Ide*,
Gave to him in requital this fair bride:
Now for another world doth ſail with joy,
A welcome daughter to the King of *Troy*
The whilſt the Grecians are already come,
Mov'd with this publick wrong againſt *Troas*:
Achilles in a ſmoke his Sex doth ſmother,
And lays the blame upon his careful mother.
What makes thou, great *Achilles*, teazing wool,
When *Pallas* in a caske ſhould hide thy ſkull?
What doth that palm with webs and threds of gold,
Which are more fit a warlike ſh eld to hold?
Why ſhould that right hand rock and twig contain,
By which the *Troyan Hellor* muſt be ſlain?
Caſt of thoſe looſe vails and thy armour take.
And in thy hand the ſpear of *Pallas* ſhake.

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was she forc't; so ought we to believe,
Not to be so inforc't how would she grieve.
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rock laid by)
And with a soft voice spake, *Achilles* stay,
It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray.
And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,
What force *Deidemia* call you this?
There is a kind of fear in the first proffer,
But having once begun she takes the offer.
Trust not too much young man to thy fair face,
Nor look a woman should intreat thy grace:
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her ear to sue and pray.
If thou wilt reap fruits of thy loves effects,
Onely begin, 'tis all that she expects.
So in the ancient time *Olimpian Jove*,
Made to *Heroes* suit, and won their love.
But if thy words breed scorn, a while forbear,
For many what most flies them hold most dear:
And what they may have proffer'd flie and shun,
By soft retreat great vantage may be won.
In person of a woer come not still,
But sometimes as a friend in meer good will:
Thou can'st her friend, but shalt return her Love.
A white soft hew my judgement doth disprove;
Give me a face whose colour knows no art,
Which the green Sea hath tann'd, the Sun made swa
Beauty is meet uncomely in a Clown,
That under the hot Planets plough the ground.
And thou that *Pallas* garland wouldst redeem,
To have a white face it would ill beseem.
Let him that loves look pale, for I protest,
That colour in a Lover still shews best,
Orion wandring in the woods lookt sickly,
Daphne being once in love lost colour quickly.
Thy leanness argues love, seem sparely fed.
And sometimes wear a night cap on thy head,

For griefs and cares that in afflictions ſhow,
Weaken a Lovers ſpirits and bring him low.
Look miſerably poor it much behoves,
That all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loves.
Shall I proceed or ſtay, move or diſſwade?
Friendſhip and faith of no account are made.
Love mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes,
And the world faith holds vain, and ſlightly priſes.
Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
To thy companion or thy truſty friend:
Leſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed.
Like love in them with paſſions that exceed.
Yet was the Naptial bed of great *Achilles*
Unſtain'd by his dear friend *Actorides*:
The wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went aſtray.
Was chaſte as much as in *Pithrious* lay.
Thabes and *Pallas*. *Hermonius*, *Thillader*:
And the two twins we call *Tentarides*.
Tend to the like, but he that in theſe days,
For the like truſt acquires the ſelf ſame praiſe.
He may as well from weeds ſeek ſweet roſe buds,
Apples of thorn trees, hony from the flouds.
Nothing is prais'd now but what is ill.
Pleaſure is each mans God, faith they excell:
And that ſtoln pleaſure is reſpected chief.
Which fall to one man by anothers grief.
O miſchief you young lovers, fear not thoſe,
That are your open and profeſſed foes.
Suſpect thy friend, though elſe in all things juſt.
Yet in thy love he will deceive thy truſt.
Friends breed true fears in love, the preſence bare
Of thy near kinſman, brother, and ſworn mate.
I was about to end, but lo I ſee,
How many humorous thoughts in women be,
But thou that in my Art thy name will raiſe,
A thouſand humours woe a thouſand ways:
One plot of ground all ſimples cannot bring.
This is for vines, here corn their olives ſpring.
More then be ſeveral ſhapes beneath the ſkies,
Have womens geſtures, thoughts and fantaſies.

He that is apt will in himſelf deviſe,
Innnmerable ſhapes of fit diſguiſe,
To ſhift and change like *Proteus* whom we ſee.
A Lion firſt, a Bore, and then a tree.
Some fiſhes by a dart are ſtrangely took,
Theſe by a net, and others by a hook.
All ages not alike intrapped are,
The crooked old wife ſees the train from far.
Appear not learned unto one that's rude,
Nor looſe to one with chaſtity indu'd:
Should you do ſo, alas the pretty elves,
Would in the want of Art diſtruſt themſelves.
Hence comes it, their beſt fortunes ſome refuſe,
And the baſe Bed of an inferiour chuſe.
Part of my toyls remains, and part is paſt,
Here doth my ſhaken ſhip her anchor caſt;

FINIS.

The ſecond Book

Sing *Io Pæan*, twice, twice *Io* ſay,
My toyls are pitcht, and I have caught my prey.
Ie the glad Lover crown my head with bays,
And before old blind *Homer Ovid* praiſe,
So did King *Priams* ſon exulting skip,
With the fair raviſh'd *Hellen* in his ſhip:
So did he ſing that in his chariot run,
And victor like the bright *Atlanta* won.
Whether away young man thy bark is loſt,
Yet in the mid-ſea far from any coaſt,
,Tis not enough to thee by my new Art,
To find a Lady that commands thy heart.
The reach of my invention is much deeper,
By art thou ſhalt her win, by art ſhalt keep her.
As difficult it is by art to blind her
To thy deſires, as at the firſt to find her.
In this conſiſts the ſubſtance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both aſſiſt me ſtill.
And gracious *Erato* my ſtile prepare,
Thou art the Muſe that haſt of Lovers care.
I promiſe wondrous things, I will explain,
How fickle thoughts in love may firm remain,
And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That ſtrays and wanders round about the world:
Yet is love light and hath two wings to fly;
Tis hard to ourſtrive him mounting the skie.
What *Minos* to his gueſt always denied,
A deſperate paſſage through the air he tried:

As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to shut the Queen *Taſiphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he ſays, juſt *Minos* end my mones,
And let my native countrey ſhroud my bones.
Grant me, great king, what yet the fates deny,
And where I have not liv'd, oh! let me die:
Or if, dread Soveraign, I deſerve no grace.
Look with a pitious eye on my childs face.
And grant him leave from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if you deny my childe.
This and much more ſhe ſays, but all in vain.
Both ſon and ſire ſtill doth the king detain.
Which he perceiving ſaid, now, now 'tis fit,
To give the world cauſe to admire thy wit.
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our flight:
Onely the air remains, then let us try.
To cut a paſſage through the air and flye.
Jove be auſpicious to my enterpriſe,
I covet not to mount above the skies,
But make this refuge ſince I can prepare,
No means to flye, my Lord, but through the air:
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim,
Of the black *Stigian* waters, *Styx* I le ſwim.
Oh humane wit thou canſt invent much ill,
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange arts who would think by skill.
A heavy man like a light bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the empty heavens finde a fit way.
He placeth in juſt order all his quills,
Whoſe bottoms with reſolved wax he fills.
Then binds them with a line, and being faſt tide,
He placeth them like oares on either ſide.
The little lad, the downy feathers blew,
And what his father wrought he nothing knew.
The wax he ſoftned with the ſtrings he plaid,
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made:
To whom his father ſpake, and then lookt pale,
With theſe ſwift ſhips we to our land muſt ſail.
All paſſage now doth cruel *Minos* ſtop,
Onely the empty aire he ſtill leaves ope:

That

That way muſt we, the land and the rough deep,
Doth *Minos* bar the aire, he cannot keep,
But in the way, beware thou ſet no eye,
On the the ſign *Virgo* nor *Bootes* high.
Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
That bears a ſword, but juſt with me keep place.
Thy wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee flye, as thou ſhalt ſee.
Thy father mount or ſtoop, ſo I areed thee.
Take me thy guide, and ſafely I will lead thee.
If we ſhould ſoar too neear great *Thabus* ſeat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat.
Or if we flye too near the humid ſeas,
Our moiſtned wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe.
Fly between both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſail amidſt the skies.
And ever as his little ſon he charms,
He fits the feathers to his tender armes,
And ſhews him how to move his body light,
As birds do teach the little young ones flight.
By this he calls a councel of of his wits.
And his own wings unto his ſhoulders fits.
Being about to riſe he fearful quakes,
And in his new way his faint body ſhakes:
But ere he took his flight he kiſt his ſon,
Whilſt flouds of tears down by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillock not ſo high and tall
As lofty mountains be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with valleys even, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their uncouth skill:
The father moves his wings, and with reſpect,
His eyes upon his wandring ſon reflect.
They beat a ſpatious courſe, and the apt boy,
Fearleſſe of harms in his new tract doth joy.
And flies more boldly, now upon them looks
The fishermen that angle in the brooks;
And with their eyes eaſt upwards frighted ſtand,
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand:
With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the reſt.
Fearleſſe they take the courſe that likes them beſt.

Upon the right hand *Eurithos* they forsake,
Now *Astipelea* with thy fishy lake.
Shady *Pachinne* full of woods and groves,
When the rash boy too bold in ventring roves.
Looses his guide, and takes his flight so high,
That the soft wax against the Sun doth fry.
And the cords that made the feathers fast,
So that his armes have power upon no blast:
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down,
Upon the lower heavens whose curl'd waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
He sees black night and death before his eyes?
Now melts the wax his naked arms he shakes,
And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked lad down headlong falls,
And by the way he father, father calls?
Help, father, help help he cries, and as he speaks
A violent wave his course of language breaks.
The unhappy father, but no father now,
Cries out aloud, son *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou flye?
Icarus where art? when straight he doth espy
The feathers swim, thus loud he doth exclaime,
The Earth his bones, the Sea still keeps his name.
Minos could not restrain a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he ne're so light.
He gulls himself that seeks to witches craft,
Or with a young colts forehead make a draft.
No power in wise *Medeus* potions dwells.
Nor drowned poysons mixt with magick spells.
The power of love is not insore'd by these;
For were it so, then had *Ersonides*
Been staid by *Phasius*, and *Ulisse* kept,
VVho stole from *Circe* while the inchantresse slept.
These charmed drugs moves madness, hurts the brain,
To gain pure love, pure love return again.
Mischievous thoughts eschew to purchase grace,
Manners prevails more then a beautious face.
And yet the *Nymphs* the love of *Nilus* seek.
And *Homer* doats on *Nieureus* the fair Greek;

But

But truſt not thou the beauty to keep kinde,
Thy Miſtriſs ſeeks the beauty of thy minde,
All outward beauty fades as years encreaſe,
Even ſo it wears away and waxeth leſſe.
Beauty in her own courſe is overtaken,
The vio'et now freſh is ſtraight forſaken.
Nor always do the Lillies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their object yield.
The fragrant roſe once pluckt the briery thorn,
Shews rough and naked, on which the roſe was born.
O thou moſt fair, white hairs come on apace,
And wrinkled furrows which will plow thy face.
Inſtruct thy ſoul, they have thoughts perfect made,
Theſe beauties laſt till death, all others fade.
To liberal arts thy careful hours apply.
Learn many tongues with their true Euphony.
Uliſſes was not fair but eloquent,
Yet to his Love the Sea *Nymphs* did conſent.
How often did the witch his ſtay implore,
Making the Seas unfit for ſail or oare:
She praid him oft, becauſe he ſpake ſo well,
Over and over *Troys* ſad fate to tell,
Vvhilſt he with pithy words and fluent phraſe,
Recites the ſelf ſame ſtory divers ways.
Caliſpo as they on the Sea bank ſtood.
Caſting their eyes upon the neighbouring flood,
Deſires the fall and bloudy acts to hear,
Vvrought by the *Ordriſian* Captains ſword and ſpear.
Then holding 'twixt his fingers a white wand,
Vvhat ſhe requeſts he draws upon the ſand.
Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints,
Think *Samois* this imagine theſe my tents.
There was a place in which *Dolon* was ſlain.
About the Virgil watch, when with the rain
The *Hemonian* Horſes play, and as he ſpeaks,
To counterfeit that place the ſand he breaks,
Here *Scythian Rhoſus* tents are pitcht on high,
This way his horſmen ſlain returned I.
More did he draw, when on the ſudden low,
A claming wave the ſhore doth overflow.

And as her drops amidſt his works doth fal',
It waſht away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the goddeſſe dares *Vliſſes* try.
Theſe ſenceleſſe violent waves that climbe ſo high;
And wilt thou with theſe waters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoon deſtroyed.
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay.
Seek inward beauty, ſuch as laſt for aye.
Sweet affability will enter far
Into a womans breaſt when ſcorn breeds war.
We hate the Hawke, and loath her fleſh to eat,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meat.
The Wolf we hunt, and envy all her ſtock,
Becauſe the Lamb ſhe kills, and ſpoils the flock:
But none the gentle Swallow lays to catch.
The loving ſtocks within our turrets hatch.
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds.
Love vvith kinde language and fair ſpeeches feeds:
Strife makes the married couple often jar.
The man vvith vvife, the vvife vvith man to vvar.
Leave brauls to vvives, they are their marriage dovver.
When by appointment you ſhall meet in bed,
By the lavvs done, you are not thither led:
Strict ſtatutes from ſuch actions ſtill vvithdravv,
Yet your abounding love ſupply the Lavv:
Bring love ſpeeches to enchant the ear,
And moving vvords, ſuch as ſhe joys to hear.
I am not Tutor unto him that's rich,
My preceps ſoar not to ſo high a pitch.
The Lover that's endovv'd vvith gold or fee,
And comes vvith gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at every vvord can take ſupply,
Hath in that every vvord more wit then I:
We yield to him, he that their laps can fill,
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muſe inſtructs poor lovers wanting pelf,
For vvhen I lov'd I vvas but poor my ſelf.
Still as my purſe no ſtore of crovvns affords,
I in the ſtead of rich gifts give fair vvords.

Be fearful you poor Lovers to displeaſe,
Be patient to endure things againſt your eaſe.
Things that the rich vvould ſcorn, it vvas my hap
Once as my head lay in my Miſtriſs lap,
To grovv inrag'd, vvhen ſtraight I fell to beat her,
To roaſe her ordered locks, and ill intreat her.
But vvhat enſu'd, oh God, much griefit coſt me,
Many ſvveet days, many ſvveet nights it loſt me.
Whether I touch her cloaths, I might deny,
She ſays I tore them, I ſome nevv muſt buy.
You Scholars by your Maſters harms bevvare,
Theſe ills by him already proved are.
Make againſt the *Parthians* vvar, but to thy Love
Bring concord, peace, and all things that can move:
Though at the firſt you find her but untovvart,
Bear it, and ſhe in time vvil prove leſſe frovvard.
The crooked arm that from the tree is cut,
By gentle uſage is made ſtreight, but put,
Such violence is it as thy ſtrength delivers,
And thou vvilt break the ſhort vvood into ſhivers.
By induſtry thou may't orerſvvim a floud,
Whoſe raging currant elſe is ſcarce vvithſtood.
By induſt y the *Tigers* gently grovv,
And the vvild Lions may be tamed ſo.
The ſavage Bull vvhoſe fierce ire co h provoke:,
By induſtry is brought unto the yoke.
Arcadian, *Atalanta* vvas moſt cruel,
At length came one vvhom ſhe eſteem'd her Jevvel.
Oft vvept *Hippomanes* at his mi hap,
And her ſevet ity vvho ſought to intrap
Her harmleſſe Lovers oft, at her fierce beck,
Ha laid betvvixt his ſhoulders and her neck
The toyl's for ſavage Beaſts: and w t his ſpear,
He pierc'd ſuch untam'd cattel as came near.
To ſuch hard taſks I do thee not compell,
To arm thy body againſt Monſters fell.
In the vvilde vvilderneſs to ſeek out broils,
Nor on thy neck to bear the guileful toils:
My impoſition is not ſo ſevere,
No ſuch adventurers are injoined here.

This

This onely means all dangers will diſperſe:
Yield her her humour when ſhe goes perverſe.
VVhat ſhe in conference argues, argue thou,
VVhat ſhe approves, in ſelfſame words allow,
Say what ſhe ſays, deny what ſhe denies.
If ſhe laugh, laugh, if ſhe weep wet thine eyes.
And let her countenance be to thine a law,
To keep thy actions and thy looks in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand ſhalt play at dice,
At Tables or at Cheſſe by ſome device,
Let her depart a Conquerour, elſe 'twere ſin,
VVhat gladly thou wouldſt loſe, that let her win.
Let thy officious hand then bear her fan. (man.
VVhen thou ſhalt chance her through the ſtreets to
Make thy ſupporting arme to hers a ſtay,
Through throngs and preſſes uſher her the way.
As ſhe aſcends her bed ſet her a ſtaire,
By which to climbe and every thing prepare:
That ſhe may ſee them done without offence;
Reach thou her pantafles or take them thence.
And ſtanding by to watch her while ſhe reſts,
VVarm thy cold hands betwixt her panting breaſts
Nor think it baſe. 'twill pleaſe though it be baſe,
To hold the glaſſe unto thy Miſtriſs face.
He that deſerv'd within thoſe heavens to tarry,
VVhich he before upon his back did carry.
Performing more then *Iuno* could command him,
So wrong, that no fierce monſter could withſtand him.
Even he *Alcides Ioles*, Grace to win
Shapt like a woman did both card and ſpin.
Go thou, and in his ſervile place proceed,
And gain as fair a Miſtriſs for thy meed.
Art thou enjoin'd at ſuch an hour to be,
In the great *Forum* where ſhe waits for thee.
Haſten thy weary ſteps and thank thy fate.
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late:
Bids ſhe thee go, all buſineſs lay apart,
Run, till with extream heat thou melt thy heart.
Sups ſhe abroad, and wants ſhe one to attend her,
Back to her lodging, it will not offend her:

To wait her at the ſame place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torch.
Is ſhe in the Countrey and commands thee come,
Haſt thou no coach, upon thy ten toes run.
Let neither winter blaſt not ſtorms of hail,
Nor the hot thirſtie dog ſtar let thee fail:
Shun neither heat nor cold but ſee thou go,
Though every ſtep thou tread'ſt knee deep in ſnow
Love is a kinde of war, all ſuch depart
As bear a timorous or a ſlothful heart,
Nights, winters, long ways, watching grief in millions.
Torments Loves Souldiers in ther ſoft pavilions.
On cold ground thou muſt lie, bear many a ſhower,
When the heavens open, and the floudgates poure.
So *Thœbus* when *Aametus* ſheep he kept,
In a thatcht cottage on the cold floor ſlept,
What *Phœbus* did, who may it not beſeem,
Better then *Phœbus* of himſelf eſteem
What mortal Lover dare then ſloth deſpiſe,
You that confirm'd and laſting Love deviſe.
If at the outward gates a watch ſtands centry,
Or ſay the blocks, or locks deny the entry.
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a caſement crawl, Hazard for her.
Or by a cord down from the chimney fall.
Thee in her loving armes ſhe ſtreght will take,
Rejoicing thou wouldſt hazard for her ſake.
Every vain fear and danger thou doſt prove,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy love.
Of had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his Love into the Sea he leapt.
Think it no ſhame the favour to deſerve,
Of every Maid that doth thy Miſtriſs ſerve: To uſe her Maid.
Salute them by their names in courteous ſort,
For theſe are they that can prefer thy ſport.
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frowns,
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtriſs gowns:
To her make means, for ſhe is groom, porter,
Both to her bed, and ſuch as do reſort her.

Great

What gifts to send her

Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee send her,
I mean thy love, but knacks of value slender.
As when the orchard boughs are clog'd with fruit,
In some choice dish from thence commend thy suit.
And let the little page that bears them say,
(Though thou perhaps hast bought them by the way)
These pears, or plums, or grapes which I present you,
As his first fruits were by my Mistriss sent you.
Or be they hazel nuts, or chesnuts great,
Even such as *Amarillis* lov'd to eat.
Or a young Turky, these will shew thy heart.
These gifts send freely, lay thy gold apart.
Such presents never bring men to despair,
To untimely age, or to tormenting care.
O let them amongst others rot and perish,
That hate mens persons, and their presence cherish.

Send her Verses.

What shall I bid thee send her, meetred rimes?
Alas, they find small honour in these times.
Verses they praise, but gold they most require.
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
This is the golden age, not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the train,
Yet without gold he may retire again
Some Girles there be, but they be passing few,
Worthy to rank amongst that learned crew.
Others unlearn'd there are, yet would be hel'd,
As if in skill, in judgement they excell'd:
Both let thy Verses praise, and in a stile
Of sweetest poesie their worths compile:

Note.

Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteem,
And like a slight gift thy sweet Verses seem.
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feat,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
Art thou by covenant ti'd, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy servant free,
Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswag'd,
So make thy peace that she may be ingag'd.

Do as thy profit leads thee and yet ſo,
That ſhe for every thing thou doſt may owe.
And thou that haſt attain'd by paſſions deep,
Thy Ladies grace, and wouldſt her favour keep,
Make her believe ſtill when thou view'ſt her feature,
Through all the world ſhe is the faireſt creature.
If cloth of *Tire* ſhe wear, that habit laud, Praiſe her attire.
Her *Tartian* veſture with thy tongue applaud.
If ſilk which we from rich *Arabia* traffick,
Swear ſuch attire cannot be found through *Affrick*.
If cloth of gold ſhe wear, tuſh, gold is baſe,
If you compare her babit to her face.
If in the cold ſhe but a freeze gown wear,
Then her perfection makes that garment dear.
Is ſhe compleatly dreſt, and rapt with joy,
Cry out aloud, my heart burns bright as *Troy*,
Doth ſhe above her forehead part her hair,
That lovely ſeene doth make her twice as fair.
Are her curl'd locks in in carleſs treſſes dangled,
In theſe criſp knots thy heart muſt be intangled.
If ſhe doth dance, admire her active feet. Her dancing
If ſing, then wonder at her voice ſo ſweet. Her voice.
But when ſhe ceaſeth, either then complain,
Intreating her to uſe her skill again.
Do this and wear her heart as hard as braſs,
Or more obdurate then *Medaſaes* was.
Yet ſhe in time ſhall be compell'd to yield,
And thou depart a Conqueror from the field:
Onely beware of too apparent flattery,
It will deſtroy the ſiege and tedious battery.
Diſſembling with Art tempered much imports,
Elſe from all future credit it dehorts.
In Autumn when the yeat is in his pride,
And the grape full with wine, reds on the ſide:
When the clear air keeps a divided ſear,
Affording ſometimes cold and ſometimes heat,
Women are prone to love, healthful and quick,
But if by chance thy Lady be ſain ſick,
Make both thy love, zeal, faith, and all things cheap.
Then ſow what with full ſickle thou maiſt reap;

Caſt

Caſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe.
Seem not as if thou loatheſt her diſeaſe.
Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
Theſe offices even of themſelves will woe her,
Let her behold thee weep as thou ſtands by,
That ſhe may drink each tear falls from thy eye.
Vow many things, but all in publick ſtile:
Tell her thy pleaſing dreams, ſo make her ſmile.
And let the trembling nurſe thought fit to watch,
Bring in her ſhaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruſe the bed and make it ſoft,
Whilſt with thy hand thou turn'ſt and rear'ſt her oft.
Theſe are the eaſie footſteps thou muſt tread,
Which have made way to many a wanton bed.
No ſuch fair office can with hate be ſtained,
Rather by theſe affections is ſoon gained.
But miniſter no drugs of bitter juice,
Such let the rival temper to his uſe.
Now greater guſts muſt to my Barke give motion,
Being from the ſhore launcht forth into th' ocean.
Young love at firſt is weak and craves forbearing,
But in continuance gathers ſtrength by wearing.
Yon moody bull of whom thou art afraid.
Being but a calf thou with his horns haſt plaid.
That tree beneath, whoſe branches thou doſt ſtand
To ſhield thee from a ſtorm was once a wand.
A River at the firſt not once a ſtride,
Increaſeth as he runs his waters wide.
Receiving in freſh brooks in divers ranks,
Till he in pride have overflown his banks.
Uſe to converſe with her, the ſpeeder knows.
What ſtrength from cuſtome and acquaintance grows.
Frequent her often, be ſeld. from her away,
Keep in her ear and eye both night and day.
And yet from theſe ſometimes thou maiſt deſiſt,
'Tis good one ſhould be aſked for being miſt.
Be abſent from her ſome convenient ſeaſon,
And let her reſt a while, it is but reaſon.
The field being ſpar'd returns us treble gain.
After great drought the earth carrouſes rain.

Frequent her.

Be abſent from her,

Philli

Thisbe did love *Demophoon*, but not dout,
Untill she saw his flying ship afloat.
Penelope her absent Lord did mourn,
So *Laodemia* did till the return Ulisses.
Of her dear spouse, but be not long away;
Cares perish, new love enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his house is gone,
Poor *Helen* is afraid to lie alone:
And to allay these fears lodg'd in her breast,
In her warm bosome she receives her guest.
What madness was it, *Menelaus*, to say
Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay,
Under the self-same roof thy Guest and Love,
Mad man, unto the Hawke to turn the Dove.
And who but such a gull would give to keep,
Unto the mountain wolf full folds of sheep.
Helen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my self would do.
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting these Lovers time and place.
From thee the seed of all thy wrongs are grown,
Whose counsel hath she followed but thy own
Alas what should she do, abroad thou art,
At whom thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.
To lie alone the poor wench is afraid,
In the next room an amorous stranger laid.
Her armes are open to embrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy sin.
Neither the brissled Boar in his fierce wrath, Woman's rage.
Torn by the ravenous dogs more anger hath.
Nor the slie Lion hid within some ake,
Seeking her lost whelp, hid within some brake,
Nor the short viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom some unwary heele hath crusht and beaten,
Then a fierce woman shews her self in minde.
Her dearest in adulterous armes to finde.
Oh then she swells, her fir'd eye burns apiece,
And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
Through swords, through flames she rushes, ther's no ill
So grievous but she acts it with her will:

This

This breaks all mutuall love, though well compounded.
This destroys all, though ne're so firm'y grounded.
Medea did her husbands guilt repair,
And with her bloudy hand *Absirtus* slay.
Yon Swallow which thou see'st was such another,
Before her transformation a fierce mother:
And that the deeds may yet be understood,
The feathers of her breast were stain'd with bloud.
But for all this I taske not thy affection
Of one, and her alone to make election.
You gods defend the fords should prove so deep,
These married men have much adoe to keep.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceal it,
And by no brags or foolish boasts reveal it.
Meet at no certain hour, give no known gift,
Thy usual place of meeting often shift:
It may be shrewd disturbers some may send thee,
And spialls may be set to apprehend thee.
And when thou writ'st peruse thy Letter first,
Before thou send some take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd makes war, still moving sorrow,
Who late from others grief their mirth did borrow.
Whilst *Agamemnon* liv'd with one contented,
His wife was chaste, and never it repented:
His secret blows her heart did so provoke,
Wanting a sword she with the scabbard stroke:
She heard of *Chryses* and the many jars,
About *Lyrnesis* to increase the wars;
And therefore meer revenge the Lady charms,
To take *Thyestes* in her amorous arms.
If when thou hast gon on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumstance 'pears too apparent,
Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not so.
Be not too sad, or of too mirthful cheer,
Left in thy countenance thy deeds appear.
In thy close meetings use thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bold intruder be.

And

And after ſo repulſed ſcale the fort,
But venture not too raſhly on thy ſport.
Many there be by whoſe unlaw ful motions,
Yo u are preſcrib d ſtrange drugs and divers potions
To make you luſty; they are poyſons all,
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting nettle-ſeed they mix,
Or baſtard pellitory ſome few ſticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk up clear,
Makes ſprightful men aloft their ſtandards bear.
The goddeſſe that beneath high *Eryx* raigns, Venus.
Unto her pleaſure no ſuch bloud conſtrains.
White ſkallions brought you from *Megara* eat,
With Garden Sage make Sallets to thy meat.
Take new-laid Eggs, freſh honey from the Bees,
Pine apple nuts full ripe, eat ſuch as theſe:
This wholeſome fare breeds nought corrupt or tragick,
What hath my Art to do with helliſh Magick.
Thou that but now waſt bid thy guilt to hide,
Turn from that courſe boaſt, and in it take pride:
Nor blame the lightneſſe of thy Tutors mind,
You ſee we do not ſail ſtill with one wind:
Sometimes the Eaſt, and when his fury fails,
Weſt, North and South by turn do fill our ſails:
The Chariot driver ſometimes ſlakes ois rains,
Sometimes again his horſes he reſtrains.
Many there be which calmneſs much doth blind,
And if they find a rival grow unkind.
Proſperity makes humane minds grow ranck,
Themſelves to know, or their great god to thank:
Nor is it held an eaſie taſke to find,
Men that all fortune bear with equal mind.
As fire, his ſtrength being waſted, hides his head
In the white aſhes, ſleeping though not dead,
But when a ſudden blaſt doth come by chance,
Then fire and light all wake as from a trance
So when with ſloth and reſt the ſpirits grow blunt,
Love muſt be quickned even as fire is wont.
Make her to fear, and to look pale ſometime,
By ſhewing her ſome inſtance of thy crime;

Which

Which ſhe ſuſpected erſt in ſome ſtrange vains,
Muſt ſhe abide whilſt ſhe thy guilt complains.
No ſooner the repore of this aſſails her,
But colour, voice, and every ſence ſtraight fails her.
Then am I he whoſe face ſhe madly tears.
Whom ſhe deſires to have ſtreight by the ears.
Hate me ſhe muſt, and yet, good God, ſhe may not,
Without me live ſhe will (alas) but cannot.
Dwell not upon this paſſion, but at length
Make peace, in little time rage gathers ſtrength.
By this her white neck with thy armes embrace,
Drying the tears that trickle down her face.
Kiſſe her yet weeping, her yet weeping ſhow,
All the proud ſweets the Queen of Love doth know.
This makes true concord in her greateſt rage,
Theſe ſports alone her paſſion can aſſwage.
Peace goes unarm'd and knows not warlike faſhions
This happy peace is known among all Nations.
Doves by their numbring ſongs ſhew their good wills,
But now they fought, and now they join their bills.
The firſt confuſed Maſſe no order knew,
Earth, Sea, and Heaven, had all one face one hew.
Straight was the heavens the earths large covering made
The ſhore girt in the Sea, not to in invade
Either in others bounds, then *Chaos* ceaſt,
And each thing in their ſeveral part increaſt:
The woods receive the beaſts, aire the birds take,
Fiſh the ſea chooſe, and the land forſake.
Man wanders in the field, and knows no art,
Meer ſtrength his body rules, meer luſt his heart.
Groves were his cities, ſhadowed boughs his dwelling,
Water his drink, all other drinks excelling.
And long it was ere man the Woman knew.
Till pleaſure did their appetites purſue,
And then upon theſe unknown ſweets ſhe venter'd
Where many an unfaſt ſort was ſeal'd and enter'd:
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Suitor,
But lay with her, and liv'd without a tutor.
Even ſo one bird doth with another toy,
And the male fiſh doth with the female joy.

The

The Hart the Doe doth follow, ſerpents too
Are with the Serpents held their feat to do:
The hounds in their adulterate parts were faſt,
The joyful ewe receives the Ram at laſt.
The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the ranck he-Goat finds the female trull.
The Mare to try the valiant horſes courage
Swims over fords, and doth large paſtures forage.
To thy offended Love give this ſtrong potion,
And perfect friendſhip ſtraight ſucceeds the motion.
This medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then, others it far excels.
As I was writing, loe, the god of fire
Appears, and with his thumb he ſtroke his lire:
In his right hand a branch of Lawrel grew,
A Lawrel chaplet I might likewiſe view.
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
This ſhews the Sun god *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after moving of his head thus ſpake.
Miſtriſs of Love, thy amorous Schollars take,
And lead them to my temple built on high,
There is an old Sun known in every skie,
Which by his Characters do plainly ſhow
That every man may learn himſelf to know:
Alone he wiſely loves that can do ſo.
He that is fair may ſhew his amorous face,
Whoſe skin is white to do his colour grace.
Lie naked with his neck and ſhoulders bare,
Let him ſhun ſilence, whoſe diſcourſe is rare.
He that ſings, ſing by art, that drinks drink too,
By art and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the learned in their words declame,
Nor the vain Poet prate of his own fame.
So *Phœbus* warns, *Phœbus* himſelf hath ſaid it,
And his brave words are worthy to have credit.
To come more near the Lover that loves wiſely,
If theſe my precepts he obſerve preciſely,
Shall reach his wiſh, th'earth brings not ſtill increaſe,
Ships when the winds keep in their courſe do ceaſe.

Few

Few be our helps, but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let ſtill doubles.
A Lover muſt endure much grief beſides,
For every Hare in *Atho* that abides,
For every berry that the Olive yields,
For every ſpike of graſſe ſprung in the fields,
For every ſhell ſtrowed on the ſalt Sea ſhore,
Love hath one grief to taſte, and ten griefs more.
Art told, that ſhe abroad but now did wander,
Yet in the window ſeeſt her with a Pander,
Blame thou thine eyes, for it ſhall much availe thee,
Think not that newes but that thy eye-ſight fail'd thee.
Lockt ſhe the door ſhe promiſed to leave open,
O think not ſhe deceitfully hath ſpoken,
Take up thy lodging, make thy bed thy floor,
Thy pillow the cold thre ſho'd of the door:
Perhaps a Maid from high may caſt a flout,
And aske what's he doth keep the gates without:
Yet both the Maid, and rude poſts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the ſeats and portals with roſe water.
If ſhe call, home; if bid thee go, then trudge,
Rails ſhe upon thee, doth ſhe call thee drudge:
Nay doth ſhe knock thee, bear it, it is meet,
Nor ſcorn it though ſhe bid thee kiſſe her feet.
I dwell on trifles, greater matters hear,
To which though people lend a generall eare.
On ſtricter impoſitions now we enter,
Virtue is ſtill employed on hard adventer.
A rival brook, do this, and by *Jove* power,
Thou art inthrong'd a Conqueror in his tower,
Oh think me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough-hew'd oak doth this hard doctrine preach.
This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee,
If ſhe defies, bear it, if ſhe ſhows thee
Her hand, forbear to read it; every day
When ſhe calls come; when ſhe commands thee, ſtay.
This even the married to lead peaceful lives,
Are oft enforc'd to endure of their fair wives.
I am not perfect I muſt needs confeſſe,
In this my Art, though I this Art profeſſe,

Wha

What ſhall I then, my word I cannot keep,
I have no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deep.
Shall any kiſſe my Lady, I being by,
And to his threat ſhall I not madly flye.
Shall any becken to her, and I bear it,
Shall any court her, and I ſtand to hear it.
I ſaw one kiſs my Miſtriſs, I complained.
And anger all my vital ſpirits conſtrained.
My Love alaſs for Barbariſme abound.
And doth my wits and ſpirits whole confound.
That Wittall is much better skill'd then I,
Who ſees ſuch ſights, and patiently ſtand's by.
To keep the room where ſuch things are in place,
De'ſpoils the front of ſhamfaſtneſſe and grace.
Then oh you young men, though you come to view
Your looks beguile you, do not think it true
Againſt all cenſures I ever hold this plea,
It is not good to take them *Rem* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutual guilt makes them the ofiner ſtrike,
This tale to heaven is blaz'd how unawares
Venus and *Mars* was taken in *Vulcans* ſnares:
The god of war doth in his brow diſcover,
The perfect and true pattern of a Lover.
Nor could the goddeſs *Venus* be ſo cruel,
To deny *Mars* ſoft kindneſs is a Jewel
In any woman, and become her well,
In this the Queen of Love doth moſt excell.
(Oh God) how often have they mockt and flouted,
The Smith's polt-foot, which nothing them miſdoubted
Mad jeſts by him and by his begrim'd trade,
And his ſmudg'd viſage black with cole-duſt made.
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he ſaw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limp, and halt, and draw
One foot behind, another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odde and uneven pace:
Their meeting firſt they did conceal with fear,
From every ſearching eye and captives ear,
The god of war and his laſcivious Dame,
In publick view were full of baſhful ſhame.

Surpriſe her not.

The tale of Venus and Mars.

But

But the Sun ſpies how this ſweet pair agree,
Oh that bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee.
The Sun both ſees and blabs the ſight forthwith,
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sun! what bad example doſt thou show,
What thou in ſecret ſeeſt muſt all men know?
For ſilence, ask a bribe from her fair treaſure, (ſure.
She'll grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with plea-
The god whoſe face is ſmudg'd with ſmoak and fire,
Placeth about the bed a net of wire,
So quaintly made that it deceives the eye,
Straight as he f. ins to *Lemnos* he muſt hie:
The Lovers meet where he the train hath ſet,
And both lay catch't within the wiery net.
He calls the Gods, the Lovers naked ſpraule,
And cannot riſe, the Queen of Love ſhews all.
Mars chafes and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and winch:
Their legs are one within anothers ti'd,
Their hands ſo faſt that they can nothing hide.
Among theſe high ſpectators one by chance,
That ſaw them naked in this pitfal dance,
Thus to himſelf ſaid, if that it tedious be,
Good god of war beſtow thy place on me
Scarce at thy prayers, god *Neptune*, he unbound them,
But would have left them as the gods there found them.
The nets unti'd *Mars* ſtraight repairs to *Crete*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee, *Vulcan*? ſhall I tell thee,
Unto more grief and rage it will compell thee,
The publick meeting which at firſt ſhame covers,
Is now made free; who knows not they be lovers.
There is no hope they ſhould be now reclam'd,
Worſe then they have been, how ſhould they be sham'd.
Of thy raſh deed it often doth repent thee,
Mad art thou in thy minde, yet muſt content thee:
This I forbid you, ſo doth *Venus* too,
It harmed her, and ſhe forwarns it you.
Lay for thy rival then no ſecret ſnare,
Nor intercept his tokens unawares.

Let thoſe cloſe pranks by ſuch juſt men be tride,
That are by fire and water purifide
Behold once more I give you all to know,
Save wanton loves my art doth nothing ſhow:
No govern'd Matron well and chaſtly guided
I here proteſt is in my verſe derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare ſmile,
Or blab her ſecrets kept in *Samos* Ile,
Silence is held a vertue, ſilence then,
Teltales and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates ſuch men:
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell.
And there muſt ever and for ever dwell;
Hungry, whilſt ripened fruit hangs by his lip;
Thirſty, whilſt water by his chin doth ſlip:
But *Venus* more deſires then any other,
Her ſecret myſteries and rights to ſmother.
I charge you let no tel-tales hither come,
Such amongſt many there muſt needs be ſome:
Hide her report from every ear that liſts,
And lock her ſecrets up in brazen cheſts.
In their new births till pleaſures buried lie.
Twixt us they grow, betwixt us let them die.
Her naked parts, if ſhe to any ſhows,
Her readieſt hand to ſhadow them ſhe throws,
The ſhameleſs beaſts in common field do ſtray,
And act their generation at noon day.
Which Maids by chance eſpying, cry oh ſpight,
And through their fingers look to ſee the ſight.
But when our Lover with his Miſtriſs meets,
Have beds and doors ſhut twixt them and the ſtreets:
With cloaths and vails their nakedneſs they ſhroud,
Wiſhing the bright Sun hid behind ſome cloud:
Even in thoſe days when men on Acorns fed,
And the green turfe was made the general bed,
When no thatcht cottage, or poor houſe was builded,
By which from heat of cold they might be ſhielded.
Into the woods and caves the people went,
And their ſweet pleaſures there remotely ſpent.
In the Suns preſence they ſhew'd nothing bare,
The rudeſt and moſt barbarous had this care.

As loth the day ſhould view their publick ſhames,
Now to their nightly actions to give names,
Bargains and price is made in all their doings,
And no things coſt us dearer then our woings.
Let not thy talk be when thou com'ſt in place,
To ſay that this, or that wench did me grace:
Or point then with thy finger, it may fall,
Thus thou maiſt looſe her whom thou lov'ſt and all.
Others there be from ſtreet to ſtreet do wander,
And innocent women in their ſhops do ſlander.
Forging of them they know not many a lye,
Which were they true they gladly would deny:
For who command not: nay their ſpoil is ſuch,
Whoſe breaſt they cannot fold, their names they touch
Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,
A thouſand locks hang faſt upon thy doors:
Part of her honeſt canſt thou keep within,
When her whole name abroad is full of ſin?
Do not their wanton wiſhes make them nought,
When they deſire to be as they are thought.
Sincereſt Lovers we ſparingly do teach,
Yet like no publick craft their names impeach.
Diſſemble every fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections:
I wiſh you rather ſmother them then blame them,
They love if you praiſe them, hate if ſhame them.
Andromida was belly, ſides, and back,
To *Perſeus* ſeen, he did not term her black.
Andromeda ſhe was of too huge a ſtature,
One loving *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature,
And lik'd her ſelf at firſt deſpiſed:
Seem not ſo groſſe when men will be adviſed.
Continuance and acquaintance weers away.
Such ſpots as are apparent the firſt day.
A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
Cannot withſtand the fury of the winde,
But when his bark is grown he ſcorns each blaſt,
In ſpight of whom he grows and bears at laſt.
Every ſucceeding week and following day,
Take from acquainted looks a ſtain away.

And what to day a groſſe blot thou wouldſt gueſſe
To morrow in thy eye appears much leſſe.
Young Heifers cannot be tickt to bear,
The ranck and luſty Bull for the firſt year;
But their ſociety acquaints the ſmell,
After continuance they can brook it well.
Then favour their diſgraces and relieve them,
Blemiſhes help by the good names you give them.
To her whoſe skin is black as *Ebon* was,
I'ave ſaid ere now, Oh 'tis a good brown Laſſe.
Or if ſhe look a ſquint, as I am true,
So *Venus* looks if ſhe be black of hew,
Pale for the world like *Pallas* be ſhe grown:
Yellow, by heavens *Minerva* up and down:
If ſhe be tall, then for her height commend her,
She that is lean, like Envy, term her ſlender.
She that is dwarfiſh, name her light and quick,
And call her neat, well-ſet, and grubbed thick.
She that is puft like *Boreas* in the cheek,
Is but full fac'd, and *Daphne* ſhe is like.
Thus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
But in a higher rank of beauty place them.
Or hapneſt thou of one but dimme of ſight,
Wrinckled her brow, her griſled hair turn'd white,
Her noſe and chin half met, ſhe would take ſcorn
To tell who Conſull was when ſhe was born:
Then if to ſuch thy love thou wilt engage,
Look that at no time thou doſt aſk her age:
Though ſhe want teeth and have a flattering tongue,
Yet ſhe takes pains to be accounted young:
This is the age, young men, that brings the gain,
And plenteous harveſt of the ſpring-tides pain.
Imploy your ſelves then in your youth and ſtreng'h,
Age with a ſoft ſpace ſteals on you at length.
Spend thou thy youth at ſea or till the land,
Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand:
Follow the wars, ſiege towns, or lie in trenches,
Or if not ſo then learn to love fair wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained.
And even by this employment wealth is gained.

Such discipline, such practise must be used
By us, as those who hostile armes have chused.
Some women by their industry and paine,
The losse of years recovers and regaine.
Times speedy course is by their art controld.
They can preserve themselves from being old.
Their amorous paslimes and lascivious plays.
They shape and fashion many a thousand ways.
With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,
And every several day devise new tricks.
They can provoke the appetite and please it,
Conjure the spirit up, and streight appease it.
But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,
Women and men should both of even hands share.
I hate the bed that yields not mutual joys,
And that's the cause I love not jugling boys.
I hate her denies, that no spirit will use,
Yielding no more then what she cannot chuse.
I like not pleasue, though I like the beauty,
Lasles of Love perform not but of duty:
Duty away, I banish thee the place,
Where mutual Lovers mutual sweets embrace.
Let me the musick of hersoft voice hear,
Whispering her ravisht pleasures in my ear,
To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
And tired with that, to try some other way.
Let me behold her eyes turn up the whites,
Now to be wrapt, now languish in delights.
These prodigal pleasures nature hath not given,
To the first age a little above seven.
The wine that from the untripe grape is prest,
Is tart, and sower, the mellow wine tasts best.
The palm tree till it hath a well grown rinde,
Cannot withstand the violence of the winde.
The mead new mown doth prick the feet that's bare,
I grant thee young *Hermione* was fair.
But to prefer the girle before the mother,
The beautious *Helen*: neither one nor other
Can so blaspheme, here's *Gorge* some adore her,
But who praise her before the Saint that bore her.

Nor

Now I ſuppoſe ripe fruits I moſt approve,
And in my thoughts I cover mel owed love.
Yon bed new toſt, behold where it diſcovers.
The curtain being drawn to wanton Lovers:
There ſtay my muſe, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they can both ſpeak and ſpeed.
Without thy help, kind words will quickly paſſe,
Betwixt the Lover and his amorous Laſſe.
Without thy help their hands will nimbly creep,
And in each privy place their office keep.
Nay every finger will it ſelf employ,
To adde increaſe to thy imperfect joy.
Handling thoſe parts where love his darts doth hide,
This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tride.
Andromache to this of force muſt yield,
His valour was not onely in the field.
This ſtout *Achilles* of his love deſired,
When with the ſlaughter of his enemies tired,
He caught his cuiſhes and unarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a down ſoft bed;
Thou didſt rejoice *Briſeis* to embrace,
His bruiſed corps, and kiſs his bloud-ſtain'd face.
Theſe warlike hands that did but late embrew,
Themſelves in bloud of *Trojans* whom they ſlew,
Were now employ'd to tickle, touch and feel,
And ſhake a Lance that hath no point of ſteel.
Believe me, for I ſpake as I have taſted,
The ſports of *Venus* are not to be haſted.
They ſhould be rather by degrees prolonged,
By too much ſpeed much oft the ſport is wronged.
When thou by chance haſt hit the place,
Which being touch'd a girle ſtill hides her face:
Forbear not though ſhe bluſh and ſpring and kick,
And tumbling ſhew thee many a gamble trick:
Thou ſhalt behold her ſtraightly ſtill amazed,
Her eyes with laſcivious tincture glazed,
Affording a ſtrange kinde of humid light,
As when the Moon in water ſhines by night,
Let neither amorous words ceaſe their inchanting,
Murmur nor whiſpering ſounds of joys wanting:

Yea there let every ſweet content reſort,
Every word, deed and thought that furthers ſport.
Let not thy Miſtriſs uſe too ſwift a ſail,
Nor let thy haſte beyond her ſpeed prevail:
Both keep one courſe, your oares together ſtrike,
Your journeys on them then, make your pace alike.
Together ſtrive at once, win to the mark,
You may no queſtion grope it in the dark;
Then is the fulneſſe of all ſweet content,
When both at once ſtrive, both at once are ſpent.
Such courſe obſerve when as the time is free,
And that no jealous eyes attend on thee:
Being ſecure no future danger near,
Then thou maiſt boldly dally without fear;
But if thou beeſt not ſafe and haſt ſhort leaſure,
Doubtful to be diſturb'd amidſt thy pleaſure.
Make then what ſpeed thou canſt, uſe all thy force,
And clap a ſharp ſpurre to a jade pack horſe.
My work is at an end the palm bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee.
How much renowned great *Polidorus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phyſick did ſurpaſſe,
As famous as great *Neſtor* for his age,
Or ſtrong *Achilles* for his warlike rage.
As much extold as *Calchas* for his charms,
Or *Telemonius Ajax* by his arms:
As for his Chariot skill *Antemedon*,
So great in Love ſhall I be cenſur'd on.
Cannonize me your Poet, give me praiſe,
And crown my Temples with freſh wreathes of bays.
Let this my laud in every mouth be ſung,
And my fames clangor through the whole earth rung:
I give you armour, ſuch god *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed:
And ſo do ye, but whatſoever he be,
That by my arms ſubdues his enemy.
This Motto let him give, lo here's a Laſſe,
By *Ovid* my *Arts Maſter* conquered was.
Behold young *Wenches* likewiſe crave my skill,
They ſhall be next inſtructed by my quill.

FINIS.

The third Book.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greek* to field is gon,
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remain
For the *Penthesilea* and thy train.
Go arm'd alike, fight and they overcome,
Whom sacred *Venus* favours and her Son:
It were not meet poor naked girles should stand,
To encounter men provided hand to hand.
To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men.
Oh but some say, why, *Ovid*, should thy pen
Put poyson into Snakes, or give to keep
Unto the ravenous wolf a fold of sheep?
Oh for some few offenders do not blame
All of their Sex, let not a general shame
For some few falters their whole brood inherit,
But every one be censured as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* hath their lives,
Endangered both by falshood of their wives.
Though falsse *Eriphile* her husband sould,
To *Polynices* for a chain of gold,
Yet did the fair *Penelope* live chaste,
While twice five years her royal Lord did waste
In bloudy battels, and as many more,
Wandring through every and unknown shore.
So did the chaste *Phyllacides* and she,
The partner of her husbands grief to be.
Went with him as his page a tedious way,
And in the travel died before her day.

Oh happy *Thesiades*, thy wife
From death redeemed thee with her own life,
Receive me, oh you flames, did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me die,
And with that word she skips into the fire.
All fair endowments that we can desire
Raign in a womans breast; no marvaile then,
They with adorned virtues please us men.
But these chaste mindes my art enjoyneth not,
A softer sail will serve to guide my boat:
Nothing but wanton Love flows from my brains,
How pretty wenches may scape mens trains.
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both unto her sweet heart run:
So will not men: poor girles by them are seene,
Many times men fail, maids sometimes, not oft.
False *Jason* left *Medea* and her charmes,
To clasp another Mistris in his armes.
As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay;
So right *Ariadne* was a woful prey
To the Sea-fowls and Monsters left alone.
In a remote place friendless and unknown.
Many uncertain ways hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
And though *Aneas* had a surname good,
He left his sword to let out *Didos* bloud
But what destroy your Ladies can you tell?
You know not how to love or fashion well:
Your thoughts to art, Love artlesse stands unsure,
Art with Love temper'd is strong to endure.
Nor shou'd you know it now, but that the Queen
Of sacred Love was in my vision seen:
And straitly charg'd me that I should impart,
To all the Sex the Secret of my Art.
For thus she spake, how have poor maids misdone,
That against armed men must naked run.
Two books have given men weapons in their hands,
The whilst our fearful Sex unarmed stands.
He that rebuk'd *Theophas* lewd desire,
Since sung her praises to a sweeter lire.

Thy

Thy ſelf examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage.
This having ſaid ſhe took from off her brow
A mirtle wreath, for in a mirtle bow
Her hair was twiſted up, and gave to me
Of leaves and ſeeds a little quantity.
Streight in my brain I felt a power divine,
Whilſt in the place a purer air d d ſhine;
And all the cares that hung upon my heart,
Even at that inſtant I might feel depart.
My wits at ripeſt are; wenches come thick,
Receive my precepts whilſt my wits are quick.
Firſt think how old age hourly doth attend
To ſteal upon thee, ſo be ſure to ſpend
No ſeaſon idly, thou art young, then play,
Years like the running waters glide away:
Thou canſt not ſtay the flouds it ſtreams ſo faſt,
Nor pull the ſhort hours back when they are paſt.
Make uſe of time, for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet
As the firſt pleaſure was: have I not ſeen
This now a withered ſtalk, once freſh and green.
From that bare throne within theſe many hours,
I had a chaplet of ſweet ſmelling flowers.
The time ſhall come when thou that doſt exclude,
Such Lovers from thy doors as would intrude,
Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,
Stretching thy ſtiffe limms on a froſty bed:
Nor in the night ſhalt thou be rais'd uplate,
By ſuch as knock and thunder at the gate.
Nor in the morning when the Cock hath crowed,
Finde porch and threſhold with freſh roſes ſtrowed.
Aime how ſoon doth the cleareſt colour fade,
How quickly wrinckles in thy ſkin are made.
Look on thy look and thou wilt ſadly ſwear,
Age hath too ſoon ſnow'd on thy golden hair.
Snakes throw their age off when they change their ſkin
Harts when they caſt their heads freſh ſtrength begin,
And given to them, when that in age they grow:
To have no heads to caſt, no horns to throw:

Your good flies helpleſs, therefore pluck the flower,
Which being gathered withers in an hour.
In many child birth age is quickly crept,
Fields ſoon grow lean that are ſo often reapt.
You ſee *Endimion* by the Moon lov'd ſtill,
Nor doth ſhe bluſh thereat; and by thy will,
Aurora, thou wouldſt ever have the name
Of *Cephalus* thy dear, nor thinkſt it ſhame.
And to conceale thee, *Adonis*, whoſe hearſe,
Venus her ſelf hung many a tragick Verſe.
Tell us by whom you Queen-born of the Sea,
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*?
Oh mortal generations follow theſe,
And praſtiſe after them being goddeſſes:
Do not deny your ravishing pleaſures when,
They are beſought you by deſirous men.
Tell me what looſe you by it, what thou haſt,
Thou art poſſeſt of ſtill, and feelſt no waſt.
Take thence a thouſand ſweets, be not afraid,
Thou keep'ſt thy own, and nothing is decay'd.
Stones are by uſe made ſoft, iron worn to droſſe,
That never wears, and therefore finds no loſſe.
Who will deny us at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burn as bright,
Or who would ſtrive in their own power to keep,
All the ſpare billows in the vaſty deep:
Yet will a woman plead her love is rare,
And in her plenty ſhe hath nought to ſpare.
O tell me why ſo ſtrange a doubt thou mak'ſt,
Doſt thou but looſe the water that thou tak'ſt.
I ſpeak not this to proſtrate every one,
But leaſt you fear vain looſſe where looſſe is none:
Now greater guſts my ſwelling ſail muſt ſtrain,
Being from the ſhore new launcht into the main.
Firſt with their nearneſſe I begin. the vine
Well trimm'd and prun'd affords us choice of wine:
And in a field well till'd the corn grows tall.
Shape is the gift of God, none amongſt you all,
But in their ſhapes take pride, nay there be many,
Proud of their favour when they ſcarce have any.

Proper-

Proportion even the greateſt number want,
But art ſupplies where nature hath been ſcant:
Care marres the face a while neglected
Will grow to ruine and be nought reſpected:
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repair;
Elſe had the men of former ages ſpent,
Their years without their wonted ornament.
If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
In manly robes, no marvail, for ſhe had
A ſouldier to her husband: if you ſee
The wife of *Ajax* jet it valiant'y,
Nor marvail, for ſhe was his wife that bare
A ſhield of ſeven oxe hides thick tann'd with hair.
The world was plain, ſimple and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold,
And ſhines in glory with the bright reflection,
All the worlds wealth is under her ſubjection:
Behold the Capitall and thou wilt ſay,
In theſe great *Jove* hath choos'd to dwell for aye.
This gorgeous Court and Counſel-houſe was framed
Out of meer ſtubble when King *Latius* raigned.
Theſe gorgeous Palaces that 'gainſt the Sun,
Did glitter and ſhine when they firſt begun.
A paſture for draught oxen: let them eaſe. (pleaſe.
Their thoughts with ancient times whom old time
I thank the gods I in this age was born,
Theſe times my humour fit, old days I ſcorn.
Not becauſe gold in the earths veins are ſought,
Or ſhells, or ſtones from forraign ſhores are brought;
Not becauſe marble from the hills is digg'd,
Or voyage ſhips to unknown ſeas are rigg'd,
But becauſe rudeneſs to the gates are ſent,
And this our age is full of ornament.
Hang in your ears bright ſtones, but not too dear,
Such *Indies* caſt up, and are ſold you here.
Neatneſs we love, your hair in order tie,
To keep in within Law thy hands apply.
Thy hands miſhape keep ſtill and by her care.
Thou maiſt ſeem, deformed or wondrous fair.

Prove

Nor is there onely one kinde of attire,
The fashion that becomes thee best desire?
Prove every shape, but ere it currant passe,
See thou before take counsel from thy Glasse.
A long and lean visage best allows,
To have the hair part just above the brows.
So *Laodemeia* sirnamed the fair,
Us'd when she walk'd abroad to trusse her hair.
A round plump face must have her trammels tied
In a fast not above, her front to hide,
The wire supporting it, whilst either ear,
Bare and in sight upon each side appear.
Your Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,
And her loose ware becomes her best of all:
So *Phœbus* lookt when last he toucht his Lute,
That other Lady doth her habit suit,
With chaste *Diana* being trickt to go,
To strike the savage Bore or tamelesse Roe.
She when her hair hangs loose hath greatest pride,
This best becomes her when her locks are tide.
Yon when her head tire is like a Tortoise shell,
Is roost and valted well, beseems it well.
More leaves the forrest yields not from the trees,
More beasts the Alpes bred not, nor *Hibla* bees:
Then there be fashions of attire in view,
Every succeeding day addes something new.
Many become their tires best when they wear,
Instead of sprueenesse a neglected hair:
And being comb'd, but now yet thou shalt say,
Her hair hath not been toucht since yesterday.
Art doth much change, so did *Alcides* see,
Io attir'd, and said this wench 's for me:
So *Inokis* whom the god of Grapes commended,
When by his shouting *Satyres* being attended,
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted,
With scattered hair her to his Coach he lifted.
How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
That findes for every grief a remedy.
And as our shapes and colour suffer cross,
Yet thou hast in thee to repair that loss.

Say that by age or ſome great ſickneſs had,
Thy head with wonted hair be thinly clad,
Falling away like corn from ripened sheaves,
As thick as *Boreas* blows down *Autumn* leaves.
By *Germain* herbs thou maiſt thy hair reſtore,
And hide the bare ſcalp that was bald before.
Women have known this art, and of their crew
Many falſe colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
Walk in ſuch hair as they have bought for gold:
Hair is good Merchandize and grown a trade,
Markets and publick traffick thereof made:
Nor do they bluſh to cheapen it among
The rudeſt number and the thickeſt throng.
Nay even before *Alcides* ſacred flames,
And in the preſence of the veſtall Dames.
To leave their hair and ſpeak of their attire,
I do not trails or purfled guards deſire,
Nor robes of bluſhing ſcarlet priſed high.
Whoſe wool is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dye?
Look but abroad, and thou maiſt in a trice
Find lighter co'ours, and of far leſſe price.
Were it not madneſſe thou in ſcorn of lack,
Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back.
Behold the colour of the azure air,
When in a cloudleſs day the sky is fair,
And the South wind bring on the earth no ſhowres
As once it did, what time one flow devoures
Phrixus and *Helle*, ſuch a colour chuſe,
Tis neat and cheap, but coſtly dyes refuſe:
That pretty colour intimates the waves,
And from the ſea green drops a name it craves.
In this the young *Nymphes* went apparrel'd moſt,
This ſaffron immitates of no great coſt,
And yet ſhe goes attired in ſaffron weeds,
That every morning decks fair *Phœbus* ſteeds;
Elſe ſuch a dye as *Tyrian murles* yield,
Or purple *Amethiſtes*, or a field,
Where nothing ſave the milk white roſes grow,
Or that of new the *Thracian Cranes* do ſhow.

To help the defects of nature.

Let not fair *Amarillis* wanting be,
Thy ackhorns or thy blooms of *Almond tree*,
All these of several coloured juice be full,
And with the several colours stain the wool.
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring
In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring.
To deck the earth with full so many hues,
The thirsty earth doth drink and none refuse.

To suit their attire to their complexions.

Mongst which fair women out of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complections.
She that is brown let her attire be white,
Brisis ware a robe of colour light
When she was ravisht. Others that are fair,
Let their attire be black as *Sables* are.
Swarthy *Andromed* ware a milk white smock.
When she was ti'd half naked to the rock.
Lest you be seen, so let no rancknes grow,
Betwixt your arms and shoulder let none show.
Of rough and ragged hairs there may appear,
Vpon your legs and thighs, but not too near.
I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred,
Or such as drink of *Mysus*; but in stead
Of barbarous trulls, to you brave girles of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your dome.
I now instruct you how your teeth to fret,
Lest in their use some furdnes they do get:

To keep their teeth.

To wrince your mouthes in water: you have wit
To apprehend my words: betimes to sit,
And in themorning take away the slime,
Which makes the white teeth subject to such crime.
Let such whose blouds are black and swart,
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art.

Cheeks.

Art likewise fills the wrinckles in the brows,
A skin of dy'd red leather art allows,
To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame
To kindle in your eyes a spark of flame:
It may be done with saffron, which like corn
Grows neer bright *Cydnas* whereas thou wert born.
I have a little book in substance small,
And yet a work of weight, writ to you all.

The

The Treatiſe is unto your general graces,
How you by art may beſt preſerve your faces.
You whoſe rare beauties have receiv'd a ſcar,
Seek thence your helps, receipts there written are.
You may there find how to reſtore your bloods.
My art was never idle for your goods.
Beware leſt that by chance your boxes lie
Upon the table, and your Loves paſſe by:
Throw them aſide, art ſpreads her ſafeſt net
When ſhe is moſt with cunning counterfet.
Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,
They will offend ſuch as behold thy face,
Corrupting the beholder with ſuch motion,
As ſhould he ſee thy garments ſtand with lotion:
How doth the greaſie ranck wools ſmell offend,
Though we for it as fat as *Athens* ſend,
Yet is it good for uſe, not before men,
Vſe thou Deers marrow good for medicen:
Nor before men in preſence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harſh to him that ſeeth,
Many things which in doing we deteſt,
Being once done they oft times pleaſe us beſt:
Theſe ſtately pillars in iron carv'd and wrought,
Were a confuſed rock, this ring he brought.
To that good form, was once unfaſhioned ore,
The coſtly cloth thou wearſt a rough ſheep bore:
The curious picture of fair *Venus* was,
Before the cutting an unpoliſht maſſe.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee ſleeping,
Thy hand, thy box, thy glaſſe their office keeping;
Why ſhould I know how thou art grown ſo fair,
Shut faſt the forge where beauties joined are.
For many things there be men ſhould not know,
The greateſt part of them if you ſhould ſhow,
They ſhould offend them much; ſpare not to ſhroud
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden enſigns yonder ſpreading far,
Which waſts them to the gorgeous Theater.
See what thin leaves of gold foil guild the wood,
Making the columes ſeem all maſſie good:

Yet

Note Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
Untill the showes and sights be full prepared:
Obserue this woman. So in thy preparation marke this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote:
Yet sometimes if thy head be wondrous faire,
Even before men tis good to comb thy haire.
The haire a beauty hath which much besots,
Being tied and wreath'd in pleats and comely knots,
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the fasting and untying:
Still when thou goest to dresse thy self be safe,
I hate those sullen pettish things that chafe
At every idle crosse, who scratch and bite,
And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight:
Wounding themselves in anger; rending, tearing,
The wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wearing
She that is badly haired, let her before
She dresse her self, set watch still at the doore,
Upon the suddain 'twas my chance one day,
To press into the place where my sweet heart lay:
When wondring she unware was thrust upon,
Snatcht up her hair and put the wrong side on,
Like cause of shame let come unto my foe.
And such disgrace unto the *Parthians* go
A scalded breast, fields that no grasse will bear.
Trees without leaves, and heads that have no haire
Are odious to the eye none of you three.
Europa, Leda, or faire *Semele*.
Were subject to this want or me did need,
The help of Physick in this point to read:
Nor *Hellen* thou who with advisement deep
Menelaus askes; the *Trojans* still do keep.
The wanton wenches in full troops passe hither,
Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flock together:
And come to be instructed; amongst which
Oftimes the faire be poor, the foul be rich.
And yet the faireſt have of me least need,
Their beauty is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts farre. The Sea being calm and clear,
The secure Seaman all his sailes may bear.

But

But when it swells and is disturb'd apart,
The troubled Pilot must try all his art,
Of every little mole be thou not squeamish,
Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish.
Yet shalt thou seek to hide the least disgrace,
Either in thy proportion or thy face.
If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, least standing thou beest took to sit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Love Dwarfe, observe my words I hold it meet,
To have some garment thrown upon thy feet,
She that is weatish and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gown must sit by skill.
To make her portly, whilst a robe unbound,
From her two shoulders falls unto the ground,
She that is pale, with purple stain her checks,
She that is black the fish of *Thares* seekes.
A splay mishapen foot in white shoes hide,
And let dryed legs were a rich garter tide:
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight
Weare boulster'd gownes to make them seem upright.
About a faint and slender body weare
A flannel swathband or warm stomacher.
Such whose far hands are itchy in the joynt,
When they discourse let them not use to point.
You that have stinking breaths must not speak fasting
But help themselves by some good breakfast taking,
Else chew a clove the strength of it to breake.
Or keep some distance of, still when you speake:
Or if thy teeth in wide uneven ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in show,
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth:
Who would believe this wonder, yet 'tis true,
Maids may be taught to laugh and to eschew
Uncomely mouthes add harsh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much comeliness and grace:
Be moderate in thy steering, ther's a feat
To be observ'd in that; make not to great

A lesson for dwarfes.

Remedy for them that be leane.

Pale. Blache Splay-foot;

Ta slender

Scabed hands. Stinking breaths Bad toothed.

The

The hollow pits mirth digs in eveery cheek,
To hid thy gummes let both thy redlips meet,
Nor do thou stretch thy entrails by constraining
Thy self unto loud laughter: neither faining
A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
Sound out a wonanish noise I know not what:
Look but on them that with loud yelling force,
Antick and perverse faces that shewes worse:
And there is such a coile with wry mouths kept,
That when they laugh, a man would swear they wept
Ball as the slow Asse brayes out of the mill,
Many vvith untun'd clamour hoarce and shril,
How to weep. What cannot art? women are taught to weep,
And in their look a sober form to keep:
To shape their eyes according to their passion,
How to lispe. Both at what time they please, and in what fashion
Is there not grace in lisping to be found,
To give true words a forg'd imperfect sound,
Robbing the tongue his office in some part.
Evest in depraving words is sometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning sean,
Are taught to speak lesse perfect then they can.
Weigh these my words according to their worth,
And these being cond take other lessons forth:
Learn how with womanish pace to use your gate,
In every step there is a kind of state,
Nor is their ought that yet my art discovers,
which with more violence drawes or drives backe lovers
Behold your Ladies gate the rest out strips,
See with what cunning she doth move her hips!
And in the pride of steps how the cold wind.
Swels her loose vailes before her and behind,
This like the blushing wife of *Vmber* paceth,
Her ful viewed legs at every stride she graceth.
Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
How sure to appear bare. Others a moderate pace doth best become;
As far as where the arms and shoulders parts,
Appear thou bare to wound the amorous hearts
Of wanton youths, this fashion understand
Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tand.

Such ſights ere now have made me I proteſt,
To kiſſe her neck, her ſhoulders end her breſt,
The *Sirens* are Sea Monſters whoſe ſweet notes.
Drawes to their tunes the wandring ſhips and boates?
And if their ears with wax they do not ſtop,
They are charm'd to leap up from the hatches top.
Song is a fair endowment, a ſweet thing,
A praiſeful gift: then women learn to ſing. Sing.
Hard favour'd girles by ſongs have won ſuch graces,
Their ſweet ſhrill tongues have prov'd bands to their faces
Sometimes rehearſe a ſpeech brought from the play
Or elſe peruſe ſome poeme in thy way.
Of Muſick I would have thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to uſe a *Rebeck* quill.
Or with thy left a harpe, when *Orpheus* plaid,
The beaſts, and trees, and ſtones to dance he made.
And in his way to hell no fiend durſt ſtirre,
Nor tartar power, nor tripple headed Curre,
Thou that ſo juſtly do'ſt thy mother punish,
Did'ſt by thy Muſick skill the world aſtonish:
In thoſe ſweet walks that were by muſick rear'd,
By every ſuch ſweet harmony is heard:
The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
Learn Muſick then; and hope to play upon
The double handed ſweet *Tſaltirion*.
Read Poetries, the workes of *Coos* ſeek.
Or great *Callimacchus* that writ in Greeks
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
Read what laſcivious *Sappho* elſe hath writ.
For what more wanton workes then *Sappho* lives?
See what delight to the *Propertius* gives:
Or if thy farther leaſure ſerve thee, look
In *Gallus* works, or in *Tibullus* book.
Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece
The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:
Or read *Æneas* banishment from *Troy*,
Th'original of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enjoy
No books more famous. Happly to my grace
Some one may ſay, thou *Ovid* haſt a place.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt thou and thy lines may ſound
To after-times, not be in *Lethe* drown'd.
Some one may ſay perchance, our Maſter read
The laſt he drew with a double head.
Or thoſe three Books which he *Amorum* calls,
Entituling them of Love, which of them falls
Into thy handling firſt that do thou cheſe,
And lovingly my loving lines peruſe:
Or with a compos'd voice my *Cantos* ſing.
The uſe of theſe Loves Miſtriſs firſt did bring.
To other yet unknown, oh *Phebus* grant,
Grant this you gods, whom ſacred Poets haunt
With their oblations, grant theſe my powers divine,
Thou god of Grapes, and you oh Muſes nine.
Who doubts but I would have you learn to dance,
Meaſure and Galliards ſhall your name advance,
Command your arms and hands that they agree
Unto the motion of the foot and knee.
In moving of the body hand and ſide,
The commick Actor cannot take more pride.
Nor uſe more art, the comelineſs of either
Concurres, and I compare them both together,
To Game. Learn trivial ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames,
To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games:
Yet long they to my art; then be not nice
To learn to play at cockall or at dice,
How to caſt lots and chances, which to gueſſe,
To play at draughts, at tables, or at cheſſe,
To uſe a racket, or to toſſe a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call;
To paſſe the night at billiards till eleven,
At pickpandy, cards, or odd or even.
Play prepares love, your ſkill is not ſo needful,
As ought to be your looks and carriage heedful,
Your greateſt cunning is with Art to frame,
The geſture and the countenance in your game.
Game makes us earneſt if we play with care,
Then with our open thoughts our breaſts lie bare,
And ſtraight we brawle and ſcold; a grievous ſtain.

Oh

Oh these be monstrous faults to chide and rail,
Or to blaspheme the gods when our luck fails
To vow or sweat with protestations deep,
And in the heat of play to fret or weep.
Great *Jove* himself from you such crimes expell.
Who covet suitors and to please them well.
Nature these trivial sports to women lends,
A free scope of pastime she extends
By much unto us men, for so we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the foot-ball play,
Vault, ride, and teach the horse to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fense-school, practise arms, leap, spring.
Nor can you march or muster on the sea,
Or like the Merchant venture go to sea:
Walk may you sometimes under *Pompey's* shade,
To *Phœbus* palace, so the place was made
For noval triumph, to the *Memphean* fawn:
To the goat-field where chariots are still drawn.
To the warm bleeding altar, some prefets
Before all these the three brave *Theatres*:
Thus covet to be seen unseen, unprov'd,
What is not viewed and known cannot be lov'd:
What profit were it to have beauteous been,
If thy admired face were never seen?
Say you more skill'd in songs then *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamiras*, such if men cannot hear,
How should your Musick please? *Apelles* painted
Venus in *Coh*, else her fame had tainted,
And died in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name,
What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame?
Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send.
Of all their vows, fame is the scope and end.
But see what alterations rude time brings,
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts, supream was their regard,
Their meeted fame, with fear and reverence heard,
Honour and state and sacred Majesty
Belong'd to such as studied Poetry:
Ennius by *Scipio* that great man was sought,
And from the mountains of *Calabria* brought,

The dignity of Poesie.

Unho-

Unhonored now the Ivy garland lyes:
The antient worſhips done to Poets dyes:
Yet we ſhould ſtrive our own fames to awake.
Homer a living laſting work did make:
His *Iliads* call'd elſe who had *Homer* knowne?
Had *Danaes* in her tower an old wife growne,
And never unto publick view reſorted,
How had her beauty been ſo farre reported?
You that applauſe would for your beauties win,
Be oft abroad, and keep not to much in:
At the full folds the ſhe wolfe ſeeks her pray,
Though amongſt all ſhe ſteals but one a way.
Iovis bird the Eagle when ſhe ſoares moſt high,
To ſeize on fowle doth at the covy fly,
Frequent you fair ones, where men may you ſee.
Mongſt many one beſt part will fancy thee:
In every place where thou ſhalt hap to ſit,
Looſe none by frownes whom thou by ſmiles maiſt get:
The bow of *Cupid* never ſtands unbent.
And oftentimes things fall by accident,
Be thou prepared, hang alwayes out thy hook:
For in that ſtream where thou no fish wouldſt look
A fish by chance may bite, oft have I ſeen
The vvandring hound range vvhere no game hath been:
And harts that ſcape the chaſe when no man minds them
Fall in the toyles and there the keeper finds them.
What hope hadſt thou *Andromeda* being bound,
Unto a rock a lover to have found:
Being prepar'd for death, beſet vvith fears,
Blubberd thy cheeks, thy eye quite drovvnd in
At burial of one Husband vvell I vvot.
Another husband hath been oft times got,
Weeping for him thats loſt may hap to grace thee,
And in the boſome of a ſecond place thee.
But in your choice eſpecially bevvare,
Of ſuch effeminate men as ſtarch their hair,
Prank up themſelves, who liſp and cannot leave it,
Love Complement, and uſe to ſmell of Civit:
They have a thouſand loves, what they proteſt
To thee they'll do as unto all the reſt:

Vnſtaid

Vnſtaid ſuch be, and what will women ſay,
When in their thoughts men are more light then they.
Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
Troy had yet ſtood, and *Ilium* been in view,
Had every thing been ſwaid as *Priam* ſpake,
But good advice they leave, fond counſel take.
There are who under ſhow of love do fain,
And by ſuch paſſage ſeek diſhoneſt gain.
Let no mans hair deceive with powders ſweet,
Nor ſtudded girles which are ſhort and meet:
Nor theſe fine womens coats, a ſightly thing,
Nor that each finger bears a golden ring.
Perhaps who in this kind moſt gallant goes,
Is a cloſe thief, and loves nought but your clothes.
Some Maids thus rob'd, ſo loud cry for their own,
That all the town and country hears their moan.
Venus whoſe golden ſhrines at *Appias* ſtand,
And *Pallas* laugh a good theſe ſtrifes in hand:
There are ſome Maids too ſure, but of bad fame,
Who oft deceiv'd are thought to uſe the ſame.
Oh learn by others plaints to hear your own.
Ope not your ears to men, whoſe frauds are known.
Believe not *Theſeus Athenians* though he ſwear,
The gods can witneſs no more then they hear.
And thou *Demophoon*, to falſe *Theſeus* heir,
Phillis deceived was by ſpeeches fair.
If men make promiſes, then maids make you.
If men perform, perform your vowed joys too.
Now I'le come nearer. Muſe take faſter hold.
No looſe thy ſeat the wheels though ſwiftly rold.
Men frame them ſet. Maids vows are elſwhere writ,
Let ſome maids take their courſe, for it were fit:
Look on them, read them, from the words then gather,
Whether he fains or ſues intirely rather:
After ſome while write back: ever delays
Inflames a Lover; ſo no tedious ſtays.
Shew not thee pliant to the youth deniet,
Nor yet deny him what by ſuit he plies:
Let him both fear and hope by every Letter,
Be his fearleſſe, his hopes come ſure and better.

Lovers diſloyalty in many ſeveral paſſages.

Be

Be your phraſe pure, but common uſual words,
In ſpeech the plaineſt ſtile beſt grace affords:
Full of ambigious words love ſo miſplace,
And a foul tongue hath hurt a beauteous face:
But ſince although you yet not married be,
To go beyond us men that care take ye.
By maids or ſome knowen lad your letters ſend,
And to no ſtrange young man tokens commend.
I have ſeen ſome maids ſo terrifi'd with this,
That ever after they were ſlaves I wiſſe:
Faithleſſe he is who keeps ſuch tokens back,
And burns like *Æneas* till he ope the pack.
Truſt me we may with fraud quit fraud again,
From force to ſhield: from force the laws maintain,
One maid muſt uſe her ſelf to many hands;
Ill might he ſpeed who ſhifts their true commands:
Deface the old ſeal when you do reply,
And to one writing but one hand apply.
Subſcribe your Letters thus, thine in all love,
Be his, as he was yours, this art to approve.
If from ſmall things we may to greater go,
And in our ſhip ſpread our full ſail to ſhow.
It long to beauty to have manners milde,
Impediment to beauty, Anger. Sweet pace fits women, fierce, rage, ſavage, wilde.
Rage ſwells the face, the veins makes black with blood,
The eyes blaze ghaſtly like fell *Gorgons* brood.
Away, quoth ſhe, I prize not feature ſo.
Pallas ſhould view her face where waters flow.
And ſhould you look your anger in your glaſſe,
You would ſcarce diſcern your viſage whole it was.
Pride. Nor do we leſſe blame proud and lofty look,
Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupids* hook,
We men do hate this over-weening pride
Shown in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tride.
View him views you, if men then women ſmile,
Signs made to you, make ſigns, 'twill men beguile.
Thus whiles he plays before with headleſſe dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate men ſad, *Ajax Telamonius* like:
We merry *Greeks* blithe wenches ſweet hearts make.

Andromach and *Tecmessa*, all your ſtate,
Could not move me to chuſe you for my mate.
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſſe.
Give him no fee, be his Client, he'll need the leſſe:
We that make verſe, let us ſend only verſe
Our hearts are pliant, whoſe love ſoon doth pierce
We ſpread abroad ſweet beauty lasting praiſe
We *Nemeſis*, we *Cynthias* honour raiſe:
The Eaſt and Weſt land knew lov'd *Lycoris*,
And many ask who our *Corinna* is,
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free.
And forward manners by our Poetrie.
Nor honour us, nor love of money pleaſe,
We ſleight our gains for privacy and eaſe.
Soon are we caught, our loves burn fierce and bold,
And where we love we know too well to hold,
So 'tis we ſoften nature by meeke art.
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loves take part:
A favour Maidens, a bleſt Poets will,
Heavens power we have, the Muſes own us ſtill.
A God is in us, we commerce with *Iove*,
The ſpirit in us, bove your bright ſtars doth move
To look for money from us, what a crime:
And yet no Maides do fear it in our time.
At firſt be not too eager, faine beware,
A novice lover ſlights an open ſnare:
Nor do we rule a horſe new broke to back.
With the ſame raines, as he that is skild to rack:
To catch one ſtaid in yeats, and a briske ſwaine.
Muſt not one way, may not one courſe be taine:
Hee's rude, and in loves tents nere ſeen before.
Who as a new prey touch'd thy chamber door.
Who knows no maid but thee, none elſe would know
This corne would be high fenced that it may grow
If one, he is thy own, no rivals frown.
Two things admits no mate, Love and a Crown.
That antient ſouldiers wiſe and ſoftly loves.
And much that younger ſcorns he meekly prove.
He'l break no poſts, nor burn with furious fire.
Nor ſcratch his Miſtriſs ſoft cheeks in his ire,

He'l tare no clothes, his Loves, nor his own,
Nor shall his torne hair give him cause of mone:
These things fit youthes, whose age in love is hot,
This bears harsh wounds gently as they were not:
Old men burn softly like a torch that's drie,
As woods from heath cut down when first they ly
Old mon love sure, youth short, but fruitful made
Maides pluck those fruits betimes, betimes which fade,
Nay yeild up all, ope the gates to our foe.
That faith from faithlesse treasure once may flow:
Whats easie granted, long love cannot feed,
(Denial feeth) our sports must oft proceed:
Let them walk at the gate, cry cruel dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more.
We loath these sweets, bitter love makes them new,
The wind oft drown'd the ship by which it flew;
'Tis this makes men their vvives to slight so still,
They're ready prest when ere their husbands will.
Let the Maide run and cry we are undone,
And hide the sacred youth till fear be gon;
Yet sport him midst these fears lest he misprise,
Your nights not so much worth such fears should rise
I had like to passe by, what art to deceive.
Your husband and sly keeper to bereave
Wives fear your husbands who must keep you in
'Tis firm by law right modestie hath bin,
Her to be kept whom late revenge hath wrought.
Who can endure to avoide these means be sought?
As many keep thee as had *Argus* eyes,
If thou wilt out thou shalt defeat with lyes
You'l say your keeper doth withstand to write.
Take water for your self what time you might,
What can the Keeper when the Cities fill,
Of plaies, and Maids see horses run that will.
When she will, a maide complaines her head.
And faining sick, hides whom she will in bed:
When the false key tells plainly what is done,
And to her chamber are more wayes then one.
Besides a keeper may be fort with vvine:
Prest from the grapes of Spain, and so made thine:

And

And there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,
And shut the eyes fast drencht in *Lethe* deep,
You know Maides to May quickly finde some way
By long made sports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go farre about.
When one small gift may buy the keeper out,
Gifts trust me do appease both gods and men,
By Gifts even *Ioue* is pleased now and then.
What do the wisefiace fooles in gifts delight,
Give, and the husband sayes nought, saythe might,
Hast bought thy keeper once, he's thine for evet.
The help he once affords he'l fail thee never.
I blam'd companions now it comes to mind,
The hurt by it not men alone do find.
Beleive me, other Maides thy joyes may taste,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast,
The wench that sweeps the chamber, makes the bed
With sports of love hath more then once bin sped,
Let not your waiting Maides be over fair,
Their Mistriss place by them supplied are.
Where run I Madman? naked 'gainst my foe,
And ope those ports that may me overthrow?
The birds teach not the fowler how to take them,
The hares teach not the dogs to run and shake them,
Look too't that need my rask: Ile do indeed,
Thoug'tis to lend a sword to make me bleed:
'Tis easie to make us think We are beloved,
Their faith which to desire is quickly moved:
Smile lovely on a youth, sigh from your hart.
Aske why he comes so late: a pretty art.
Shed some few tears, fain grief for some close love,
And tear your haire as doth your passions move.
He is overcome straight, pitty he will take,
And say his care is only for my sake:
If he be spruce, and look fair in the glasse
He'll think the gods love him, let not this passe
Who ere thou art be not thy wroth so strong:
Nor rage not overmuch hath he done wrong.
Trust not too soon: what art is in this case,
Procris may be example. Have your grace,

Near to *Hymettus* hill a holy well,
And a moist ground thick grasse the ancients tell;
The wood's but underwood about this land,
The Crab tree, Rosemarie, Bay, Mirtle stand,
The thick leav'd boxe, the Tamariske so small,
Low shrubs, neat Pines, there do these trees grow all,
The gentle West wind and the healthfull aire
Blow all those leaves and gras blades which are there;
Cephalus lov'd rest, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth this ground oft sat upon,
And thus he sings, thou which dost lay my heat,
And my breast wage, come gentle aire and beat,
One over dutious told his fearful wife,
These words she heard, and so began the strife:
Procris who for a strumpet tookt this eare,
Fell down much moved with a suddain feare,
Look how the vine-leafe which you latest gather,
She lookt so pale, or far more palet rather:
Or the ripe Quince tree which doth bend his bough
Or dog tree fruite, which none for meat allowes,
Come to her self, her garments quite she tore,
From of her breast, and made her breast all gore,
And without stay in rage and haste she goes,
Her haire about her neck like *Bacchus* throes:
Being near the place, her mates she leaves behind,
Steels stily to the wood no fear in minde,
'Tis thus thou think'st now, who this aire should be
And her dishoneſt tricks thine eare shall see:
Her coming shames her now, she would not take her
Yet now she's glad she's come, love doubtful makes her
The name, the place, the sign, all these agree,
And what the minde feares, that it thinks to be,
Seeing the grasse so by some body prest,
Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast:
Now the Mid-day had made the shadows short,
The evening and the morn bear equal part:
Young *Cephalus* returns unto the wood
And cooles his face with water as he stood.
Procris stands close, on the grasse he laies him fair,
And cries aloud, blow west winde, come sweet aire;

So ſoon as ſhe had heard the erroneous name,
Her minde and her true colour to her came,
She riſes, with her body the leaves ſhake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:
He thought it ſome wild beaſt, ſnacht up his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to ſhow.
What doeſt thou wretch, 'tis no beaſt, ſtay thy dart.
Alas, thy arrowes pierce a womans heart:
She cries out, thou haſt ſtroke thy loving breaſt,
Upon this place thy wounds have ever reſt.
I dy before my time, not wrong'd in love,
This earth made me ſuſpect thee light to prove,
Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did miſtruſt,
I dy, cloſe thou mine eyes, lay me in the duſt.
She ended ſpeech and life, and falling down,
Her husband takes her laſt breath from the ground
He bears his dying love in woful armes,
And wailes with tears ſo ſtrange and deadly harmes:
But let us back, I ſee I muſt be plain,
At the loſt haven that our ſhip may again,
You look now to be brought unto a feaſt.
And that we teach you here as in the reſt:
Come late, but comely brought in by night.
Thou ſhalt be welcome, ſo delay hath might.
Though thou be black thou ſhalt ſeem faire to all,
The night will hide thy faults both great and ſmall:
Eate neatly with your fingers, art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eate not to long, leave ere you would forbear,
More then thou wel canſt do, this counſil heare:
Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate:
And ſay my rape is fooliſh out of date,
To drink is comely: and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*, this is true,
Drink, but yet not more then you well can bear
And what is one, let it not to appear:
A ſhameful thing to ſee a woman drunk
Such a one is fit to be each baſe knaves punk.
Nor is it ſafe to ſleep the tables drawn,
Much ſhameful things have in your ſleep bin ſawn

'Tis

Tis ſhame to teach you more, yet *Dion* ſayes.
Shame is the chiefeſt abject of theſe layes
Each know your ſelves as you your bodies ſee,
So frame your lying in form that it may be.
Whoſe face is beauteous ſhe muſt ly upright,
Whoſe back is beſt that ſtill muſt be in ſight:
Atlantaes thighes upon hir ſhoulders wore,
Melanion be theſe beſt, ſhew the more.
Low Maides muſt riſe, *Thebais* was ſomewhat long
Nere ſat on *Hectors* horſe her pride among,
Who hath a long ſide, which ſhoul'd have in eye,
Let her bend to her knees her neck awry:
Whoſe hidden parts have not a fault or ſpot,
Ly ever ſide long, pray forget it not.
Nor think it a diſgrace your hair to looſe,
And then thy neck caſt backward ſtill to chooſe
Thou that art ragged, cloſe and covered ly.
And from mens ſight like the ſwift *Parthian* fly:
Love hath a thouſand wayes moſt voide of pride,
To ly halfe upright on the righter ſide,
Apollos, *Tripos*, nor hortid *Amazon* ſay,
Nor things more true then what are in our lay:
If there be truth, in art, got by long uſe,
Believe and truſt, you'l find it in our muſe.
Maides ſee you love us men, pluckt from the root,
One thing may help you and ſtead to boot:
Ceaſe not fair words, ceaſe not your cloſe wiſpring ſweet
And vvanton vvords muſt with your ſports oft meet,
And thou whom nature hath bard loves quick ſenſe,
Fain pleaſant joyes though the things be from thence:
Unhappy Maid, to vvhom that place is dull,
Which vvith a man and vvoman ſhould be full.
Yet vvhen you fain, bevvare, let none elſe knovv it,
For fear thy geſture or thy eyes may ſhow it:
What helps the ſpeech and ſhewes the breath is ill,
That part hath ſecrets, ſhame would hide it ſtill,
Who ſeeks a man after enjoynment ſtraight,
Loving a gift would not her praiers had weight;
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,

Our ſport isdone, 'tis time the ſwannes depart,
VVhich on their necks, as yoaks haye dravvn out art
As *Men* before, ſay *Maides*, vvhen ye prevaile,
Ovid our Maſter vvas, his heart our ſaile.

FINIS.

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER

A mock POEM:

WITH

Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces

OF

DROLLERY.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in the *New Exchange*, and at their recreations in *Hide Park*.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

LONDON
Printed Anno Dom. 1667.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE

WHen *Cupid* read this title, ſtreight he ſaid,
Was, I perceive, againſt me will be made:
But ſpare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet ſo,
Who oft hath born thy Enſign 'gainſt thyſo
I am not He by whom thy Mother bled,
When ſhe to heaven on *Mars* his horſes fled.
I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou aske, what I do ſtill; I Love
Nay I have taught by art to keep loves courſe,
And made that reaſon which before was force.
I ſeek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
Nor what I have once written to deſtroy.
If any love and find his Miſtriſs kind,
Let him go on and ſaile with his own wind;
But he that by his love is diſcontented,
To ſave his life my verſes were invented;
Why ſhould a Lover kill himſelf? or why
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee ſtill,
Thy reign is ſoft, play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
Make Lovers meet by ſtealth and ſteal a kiſſe:
Make them to fear, leaſt any overwatch them,
And tremble when they think ſome come to catch them
And with thoſe tears that lovers ſhed all night

Be-

Be thou content, but do not kill outright.
Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,
And said. Write on, I freely give thee leave.
Come then all ye despis'd that love endure,
I that have felt the wounds, your Love will cure;
But come at first, for if you make delay,
Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay:
The Tree, which by delay is grown so big.
In the beginning was a tender twig.
That wich at first was but a span in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted past mens strength.
Resist beginnings, medicines bring no curing
Where sickness is grown strong by long enduring.
When first thou seest a Lasse that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy present powers to descry
Whether her eye or carriage first will show
If she be fit for Loves delights, or no;
Some will be easie, such an one elect;
But she that bears so grave and stern aspect
Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewel.
Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.
If love assaile thee there, betime take heed.
Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed;
He that to day cannot shake off loves sorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.
Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue
That he will lead thee all thy life along;
And on a sudden clasps thee in a yoake
Where thou must either draw, or striving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
May stop a water drill that wears the sand.
But, if delayed, it breaks into a floud.
Mountaines will hardly make the passage good;
But I am out: for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heal those that are in.
First therefore (Lovers) I intend to shew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what loves passions be.
Never be idle, learn that rule of me.

Eaſe makes you love, as that o'recomes your wils,
Eaſe is the food and cauſe of all your ills.
Turne eaſe and idleneſſe but out of doore,
Loves darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.
As reeds and Willows loves the water ſide,
So Love loves with the idle to abide
If then at liberty you fain would be,
Love yields to labour. Labour and be free
Long ſleeps, ſoft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do and pleaſure of exceeding
Dulls all our ſenſes, makes our virtue ſtupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villaine *Cupid*
That boy loves eaſe alife, hates ſuch as ſtir,
Therefore thy mind to better things preſer.
Behold thy Countries enemies in Armes,
At home love gripes thy hart in his fly charmes,
Then riſe and put on armour, caſt of ſloath,
Thy labour may at once o'ercome them both.
If this ſeem hard, and too unpleaſant, then
Behold the law ſet forth by God and men,
Sit downe and ſtudy that, that thou maiſt know
The way to guide thy ſelf, and others ſhow.
Or if thou lov'ſt not to be ſhut up ſo,
Learn to aſſail the Deer with truſty bow, (ring,
That through the woods thy well mouth'd hounds may
Whoſe Eccho better joyes, then love, will ſing.
There maiſt thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto *Venus* is no friend.
The Country will afford thee means enough;
Sometimes diſdain not to direct the plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating Lamb,
That mournes to miſs the comfort of his Dam.
Aſſiſt the harveſt, help to prune the Trees;
Graft, plant, and ſow, no kinde of labour leeſe.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines baite for fiſh,
Which will imploy the minde and fill thy diſh;
That being weary with theſe paines, at night
Sound ſleeps may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With ſuch delights, or labours, as are theſe,

Forget

Forget to love and learn thy ſelf to pleaſe.
But chiefly learn this leſſon for my ſake,
Fly from her far, ſome journey undertake,
I know thoult grieve, and that her name once told
Will be enough thy journey to withhold:
But when thou findſt thy ſelf moſt bent to ſtay,
Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wiſh that rain and ſtormy weather
May ſtay your ſteps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you paſſe, nor doubt the way,
Leſt thoſe reſpects ſhould turne you back to ſtay.
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,
But fly like Lightning or the Northern winde;
For where we are too much o're matcht in might,
There is no way for ſafeguard, but by flight.
But ſome will count my lines to hard and bitter,
I muſt confeſs them hard; but yet 'tis better
To faſt a while that health may be provoked,
Then feed at plenteous tables and be choaked.
To cure the wretched body, I am ſure,
Both Fire and Steel thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take pains by any Art
To cure thy Mind, which is thy better part?
The hardneſs is at firſt, and that once paſt,
Pleaſant and eaſie waies will come at laſt.
I do not bid the ſtrive with witches Charmes,
Or ſuch unholy acts, to ceaſe thy harmes:
Ceres herſelf, who all theſe things did know,
Had never power to cure her own love ſo:
No, take this Medicine (which of all is ſure)
Labour and abſence is thy only Cure,
But if the Fates compel thee, in ſuch faſhion,
That thou muſt needs live near her habitation,
And canſt not fly her ſight, learn here of me,
That thou would'ſt faine, and canſt not yet be free,
Set all thy Miſtriſs faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own diſgraces well adviſe;
Say to thy ſelf, that ſhe is coveteous.
Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus, and thus;
Thus hath ſhe ſworne to me, and thus deceived;

Thus

Thus have I hope, and thus have been bereaved:
With love she feeds my rival, while I starve,
And pours on him kisses, which I deserve:
She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
Sad looks, no Lovers, but a strangers fee.
All those Embraces I so oft desired,
To him she offers daily unrequired:
Whose whole desert, and half mine weigh'd together.
Would make mine lead, and his seem cork and feather.
Then let her go, and since she proves so hard,
Regard thy self, and give her no regard.
Thus must thou school thy self, and I could wish
Thee to thy self, most eloquent in this.
But put on greif enough and do not fear,
Grief will enforce thy eloquence t'appear.
Thus I my self the love did once expell
Of one whose coyness vex'd my soule like hell
I must confess she touch't me to the quick,
And I, that am Physitian, then was sick.
But this I found to profit, I did still
Ruminate what I thought in her was ill;
And, for to cure my self, I found away,
Some honest slanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I how lamely doth my Mistris go:
(Although, I must confess, it was not so;)
I said, her armes was crooked, fingers bent,
Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consum'd and spent:
Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,
(When *Venus* might in all have tane delight)
But yet because I would no more come nigh her,
My self unto my self did thus bely her.
Do thou the like, and though she fair appear,
Think, vice to virtue often comes too neer;
And in that errour (though it be an errour)
Preserve thy self from any further terrour.
If she be round and plump, say she, too fat,
If brown, say black, and think who cares for that;
If she be slender, swear she is too lean
That such a Wench will wear a man out clean;
If she be red, say she's to full of bloud;

If

If pale her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton say, she seeks thee to devoure:
If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sowre.
Nay if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,
Praise it, that in thy presence she may show it
As if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her sing.
If she have any blemish in her foot,
Commend her dancing still and put her to't.
If she be rude in speech incite her talk;
If halting lame, provoke her much to walk.
Or if on instruments she have smal skill,
Reach down a Viall, urge her to that still.
Take any way to ease thy own distresse,
And think those faults be, which are nothing lesse
Then meditate besides, what thing it is
That makes thee still in love to go amisse,
Advise thee well, for as the world now goes
Men are not caught with substance but with shows;
Women are in their bodies turn'd to French,
That face and body's least part of a wench.
I know a Woman hath in love been troubled
For that which Taylors make a fine neat Doublet.
And men are even as mad in their desiring,
That oftentimes love Women for their tyring;
He that doth so, let him take this advise,
Let him rise early, and not being nice,
Up to his Mistris chamber let him hie,
E're she arise, and there he shall espie
Such a confusion of disorderd things,
In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawns, and Rings,
That sure it cannot chuse but much abhor him,
To see her ly in pieces thus before him;
And find those things shut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my self had a great mind to see
What kind of things Women undressed be,
And found my sweet hart, just when I came at her,
Screwing her teeth, and dipping rags in water;
Shee miss'd her perriwig, and durst not stay,

But

But put it on in haſte the backward way;
That had I not on th'ſuddain chang'd my mind,
I had miſtook and kiſ'd my Love behind.
So, if thou wiſh her faults ſhould rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares:
Or rather put the better way in proof,
Come thou not neer, but keep thy ſelf aloof.
If all this ſerve not, uſe one medicine more,
Seek out another Love, and her adore;
But chuſe out one, in whom thou well maiſt ſee
A heart inclin'd to love and cheriſh thee.
For as a River parted flower goes,
So, Love thus parted ſtill more evenly flowes.
One Anchor will not ſerve a Veſſal tall,
Nor is one hook enough to fiſh withall,
He that can ſolace him, and ſport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou that to one hath ſhew'd thy ſelf too kind,
Maieſt in the ſecond much more comfort find:
If one Love entertain thee with deſpight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurſt,
The ſecond will contend t'excel the firſt,
And ſtrive, with love, to drive her from thy breaſt:
(That firſt to ſecond yields, women know beſt.
Or if to yield to either thou art loath,
This may perhaps acquit them of them both,
For what one love makes odd, two ſhall make even,
Thus blows with blows, and fire with fire's out driven.
Perchance this courſe will turn thy firſt loves heart,
And when thine is at eaſe cauſe hers to ſmart.
If thy loves rival ſtick ſo nere thy ſide,
Think, women can Copartners worſe abide.
For though thy Miſtriſs never mean to love thee,
Yet from the others love ſhe'l ſtrive to move thee:
But let her ſtrive, ſhe oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to bear her ſelf a part,
And though thy bowels burn like Ætna's fire,
Seem colder far then Ice, or her deſire;
Faign thy ſelf free, and ſigh not over much,

But laugh when ſadly griefe thy heart doth touch,
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame.
Such violence in love is much to blame,
But I adviſe, that thou diſſemble deep,
And all thy paſſions in thine own breaſt keep.
Faigne thy ſelf well, and thou at laſt ſhalt ſee
Thy ſelf as well as thou didſt faigne to be.
So have I often, when I would not drink,
Sate down as one a ſleep and faign'd to wink,
Till, as I nodding ſate, and took no heed,
I have at laſt faln faſt a ſleep indeed.
So have I oft been angry, faigning ſpight,
And counterfeiting ſmiles have laught outright.
So love, by uſe doth come, by uſe doth go,
And he that faignes well ſhall at length be ſo.
If ere thy Miſtriſs promis'd to receive thee
Into her boſome and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door,
Be not dejected, ſeem not to deplore,
Nor when thou ſeeſt her next take notice of it,
But paſſe it over, it ſhall turn to profit:
For if ſhe ſees ſuch tricks as theſe perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vexe thee.
But if ſhe prove thee conſtant in this kind,
She will begin at length ſome ſleights to find,
How ſhe may draw the back, and keep the ſtill
A ſervile Captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
Be thou as conſtant as thou ſeemeſt then:
Receive no meſſages, regard no lines,
They are but ſnares, to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, think all that praiſe her flatters
What ere ſhe writes believe not half the matter.
Converſe not with her ſervant, nor her maid,
Scarce bid good morrow leſt thou be betray'd.
When thou goeſt by her door never look back,
And though ſhe call do not thy journey ſlack;
If ſhe ſhould ſend her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer not them too long to walk with thee.
Not believe one word they ſay is ſooth,

Nor do not ask ſo much as how ſhe doth;
Yea, though thy very hart ſhould burn to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no ſhow;
Thy careleſs ſilence ſhall perplex her more.
Then can a thouſand ſighs ſigh'd o're and o're;
By ſaying, thou loveſt not thy loving prove nor,
For he's far gon in love that ſayes, *I* love not:
Then hold thy peace and ſhortly love will die,
That wound heals beſt that cures not by and by.
But ſome will ſay, alas, this rule is hard,
Muſt we not love where we do find reward
How ſhould a tender Woman bear this ſcorne
That cannot, without art, by men be born?,
Miſtake not; I do not wiſh you ſhow
Such a contempt to them whoſe love you know:
But where a ſcornful laſſe makes you endure
Her ſlight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving Love you wrong your laſſe,
Who one to her content already has;
While ſhe doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou haſt, as well as ſhe, the choice of many.
Then, for thy own content, defer not long.
But cure thy ſelf and ſhe ſhall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly did commend
Abſence in this to be the only friend,
And ſo it is, but I would have ye learn
The perfect uſe of Abſence to diſcern,
Firſt then, when thou art abſent to her ſight
In ſolitarineſs do not delight:
Be ſeldome left alone, for then I know
A thouſand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lonely walks, and uncouch places ſad,
They are the nurſe of thoughts that make men mad.
Walk not to much where thy fond eye may ſee
The place where ſhe did give loves rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of thoſe joyes,
And turn thy kiſſes into ſad annoyes
Frequent not woods and Groves, nor ſit and muſe
With armes a croſſe, as fooliſh lovers uſe:
For as thou ſitſt alone thou ſoon ſhalt find

Thy miſtriſs face preſented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantaſie
As if ſhe were in preſence, and ſtood by.
This to eſchew open thy doors all day,
Shun no mans ſpeech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies, and when ther's none
Then walke thou fourth thy ſelf, and ſeek out one.
When he is found ſeek more, laugh, drink, and ſing:
Rather then be alone do any thing.
Or if thou be conſtrain'd to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way when thou art eas'd of paine,
To wound a new, and make the ſick again.
Or if thou haſt it, think the painters skill
Flatter'd her face, and that ſhe looks more ill?
And think, as thou do'ſt muſing ſit,
That ſhe her ſelf is counterfeit like it.
Or rather fly all things, that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy minde.
View not her tokens, nor think on her words,
But take ſome book, whoſe learned wombe affords
Phyſick for ſoules, there ſearch for ſome relief
To guile the time and rid away thy grief.
But if thy thoughts on her muſt needs be bent,
Think what a deal of precious time was ſpent
In queſt of her; and that thy beſt of youth
Languiſh'd and died while ſhe was void of truth.
Think but how ill ſhe did deſerve affection,
And yet how long ſhe held thee in ſubjection.
Think how ſhe chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking ſo, leave Love, and fly far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Muſt flie the place where the infected be.
And he that would from loves affection flie,
Muſt leave his Miſtriſs walkes and not come nigh.
" Sore eyes are got by looking on ſore eyes,
" And wounds do ſoon from new heal'd ſcars ariſe:
As members toucht with ſulphurs do renew,
So will her ſight kindle freſh flames in you.
If then thou meet'ſt her, ſuffer her go by thee:

And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aſpect will raiſe deſire in thee,
And hungry men ſcarce hold from meat they ſee.
Ife're ſhe ſent the letters, that ly by,
Peruſe them not, they I captivate thy eye:
But lap them up and caſt them in the fire,
And wiſh, as they waſte, ſo may thy deſire.
If e're thou ſeem'ſt her token, gift, or letter.
Go not to fetch them back, for it is better
That ſhe detain a little paltry pelf,
Than thou ſhouldſt ſeek for them and loſe thy ſelf.
For why? her ſight will ſo enchant thy heart
That thou wilt looſe thy labour, I my Art.
But if by chance thereſortune ſuch a caſe
Thou needs muſt come where ſhe ſhall be in place,
Then call to minde all parts of this diſcourſe,
For ſure thou ſhalt have need of all thy force:
Againſt thou goeſt, curle not thy head and haire,
Nor care whether thy band be foul or faire,
Nor be not in ſo neat and ſpruce array
As if thou meanſt to make it holy day;
Neglect thy ſelf for once, that ſhe may ſee
Her love hath now no power to work on thee.
And if thy rival be in preſence too,
Seem not to marke but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Return all curteſies that he affords:
Drink to him, carve him, give him complement,
This ſhall thy Miſtris more then thee torment:
For ſhe will think by this thy careleſs ſhow
Thou car'ſt not now whether ſhe love or no.
But if thou canſt perſwade thy ſelf indeed
She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy ſelf alone,
And that ſhe ſhall be loſt when thou art gone;
Thus ſooth thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt ſeem to be
As far more happy taking then is ſhe.
But if thou think'ſt ſhee's lov'd, and loves again,
Hell fire will ſeem more eaſie than thy pain

But cheifly when in presence thou shalt spie
The man she most affecteth standing by,
And see him graspe her by the tender hand,
And wispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;
If now thou canst hold out thou art a man,
And canst perform more then thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o're to teach, and learn of thee.
But this way I would take among them all,
I would pick out some Lasse to talk withall.
Whose quick inventions, and whose nimble wit
Should busie mine, and keep me from my fit;
My eye with all my art should be a wooing.
No matter what I said so I were doing;
For all that while my love should think at least
That I, as well as she, one love did feast.
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Or her unkindness, and my own disgrace,
Of all my present paines by her neglect.
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect,
Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,
Her conference alone. thou shouldst forbear;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
When she begins to talk imagine streight
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
Then call to mind some busines or affaire,
VVhose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talke thy troubled fancies stirs,
Thy minde may worke,, and give no heed to hers.
Alas, I know mens hearts and that full soone,
By womens gentle words we are undone.
If women sigh or weep our souls are griev'd,
Or if they swear they love they are believed,

But

But truſt not thou to oathes if ſhe ſhould ſwear,
Nor hearty ſighs, believe they dwell not there.
If ſhe ſhould grieve in earneſt, or in jeſt,
Or force her arguments with ſad proteſt,
As if true ſorrow in her eye-lid ſat
Nay, if ſhe come to weeping, truſt not that.
For know that women can both weep and ſmile
With much more danger then the Crocodile.
Think all ſhe doth is but to breed thy paine,
And get the power to tyrannize againe.
And ſhe will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the ſhore.
Do not complain to her then of thy Wrong.
But lock thy thoughts within thy ſilent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'ſt her, nor declare
(Although ſhe aske the) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From hence a thouſand ſnares and arrows fly.
No. let her not perceive by ſighs or ſignes.
How at her deeds thy inward ſoule repines.
Seem careleſſe of her ſpeech, and do not harke,
Anſwer by chance as though thou didſt not marke,
And if ſhe bid the home, ſtraight promiſe not,
Or break thy word as if thou hadſt forgot.
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
And if ſhe be not earneſt, do not goe.
Feigne thou haſt buſineſſe and defer the meeting.
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
And as ſhe talks caſt thou thine eyes elſewhere,
And look among the Laſſes that are there.
Compare their ſeveral beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her forme diſgrace;
On both their faces carry ſtill thy view,
Ballance them equally in judgment true:
And when thou find'ſt the other doth excell
(Yet though thou canſt not love it half ſo well)
Blush that thy paſſions make thee doat on her
More then on thoſe thy judgment doth prefer;
When thou haſt let her ſpeak all that ſhe would
Seem as thou haſt not one word underſtood:

And when to part with thee thou seest her bent,
Give her some ordinary complement,
Such as may seem of curtesie, not love.
And so to other company remove.
This carelessnes in which thou seem'st to be,
(Howe're in her will work this change in thee,
That thou shalt thank for using her so slight
She cannot chuse but turn her love to spight:
And if thou art perswaded once she hates,
Thou wilt beware and not come neer her baits:
But though I wish thee constantly believe
She hates thy sight thy passions to deceive;
Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,
That which seems ill in her, do thou not do;
'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,
Where thou didst love, to hate in stead of it;
And thou maist shame ever to be so mated,
And joyn'd in love with one that should be hated;
Such kind of love is fit for Clowns and Hinds,
And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
For there can be in man no madnesse more
Then hate those lips he wish'd to kisse before?
Or loath to see those eyes, or hear that voice
Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice?
Such acts as these much indiscretion shows,
When men from kissing turn to wish for blows,
And this their own example, shews so naught,
That when they would direct they must be taught:
But thou wilt say, for all the love I bear her,
And all the service, I am nere the nearer;
And which thee most of all doth vex like hell,
She loves a man ne're lov'd her half so well:
Him she adores, but I must not come at her.
Have I not then good reason for to hate her;
I answer no, for make the case thine owne,
And in thy glasse her actions shall be showne:
When thou thy self in love wert so far gone,
Say, could'st thou love any but her alone;
I know thou could'st not, though with teares and cries
These had made deaf thine eares and dim thine eyes

Would'st

Wouldſt thou for this that they hate thee again,
If ſo thou wouldſt then hate thy love again:
Your faults are both alike, thou loveſt her,
And ſhe in love thy rival doth prefer:
If then her love to him thy hate procure,
Thou ſhouldſt for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
Are not adreſs'd to turne thy love to ſpight,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move;
In which, when once thou find'ſt thy ſelf at quiet,
Learne to preſerve thy ſelf with this good diet.

The Conclusion.

Sleep not too much, nay longer then a sleep
Within thy bath thy lazie body keep;
For when thou warme and ake shalt feel it soft
Fond cogitations will assaile thee oft:
Then start up early, study work, or write
Let labour (others toyle) be thy delight.
Eat not to much for if thou much do eat
Let it not be dainty or flirring meat:
Abstain from wine although thou think it good,
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood;
Use thy self much to bath thy wanton limbs,
In coolest streames, which o're the gravel swims:
Be still in gravest company, and fly
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose lustful traine will lead thee to delight,
To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite;
Come not at all where many women are,
But like a Bird that lately scap'd the snare,
Avoid their garnish beauty, fly with speed,
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed;
Be not to much alone, but if alone
Get thee some modest book to look upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire again:
Abstain from Songs and Verses, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER

A mock POEM:

WITH

Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces

OF

DROLLERY

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in the *New Exchange*, and at their recreations in *Hide Park*.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

LONDON
Printed Anno Dom. 1667.

The famous Greek and Asian story,
Of honor'd Male and Female glory.
Know all, I value this rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more then so, I'le go no less,
Then any script of Friends, J. S.

Of young Leander, *and of* Hero, *I now begin*; Dum spiro, spero.

LEANDER being fresh and gay,
As is the leek, or green popey;
Upon a morn both clear and bright,
When *Phœbus* rose and had bedight
Himself with all his Golden rayes;
And pretty birds did pearch on sprayes:
When Marigolds did spread their leaves,
And men begin to button sleeves:
Then young *Leander* all forlorn,
As from the Oak drops the acorn;
So from his weary bed he slipt,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt;
But with a look as blithe to see,
As Cherry ripe on top of tree:
So, forth he goes and makes no stand,
With Crab-tree Cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two,
But gravel got into his shooe:
He set him down upon a bank,
To drp his foot, and rest his shank,
And so with finger put in shooe,
He pull'd out dirt and gravel too.
This was about the wast of day:
The middle, as the vulgar say.

Fair

Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,
To do the thing cannot be ſtaid,
Spi'd young *Leander* lying ſo,
With pretty finger picking toe.
She thought it ſtraange to ſee a man
In privy walk, and then anan,
She ſtept behind a Pop'ring tree,
And liſtned for ſome Novelty:
Leander having cleard his throat,
Began to ſing this pleaſant note.

Oh, would I had my Love in Bed,
Though ſhe were nere ſo ſull;
I'de fright her with my Addans head,
Untill I made her ſwell,
Oh Hero, Hero, *pity me,*
With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo *dee,*

Fair *Hero* 'gan to ſmile at this,
Leander rais'd 'gainſt tree to piſs,
He plucks me ſtraight his *Drabler* out,
And with his armes claſpt tree about:
O thus, quoth he, O thus —— I coo'd,
Bobbing *Rogero* 'gainſt the wood.
His blind worme *Hero* fair did ſee,
His Curral head did lean 'gainſt tree:
Which ſight did make her ſigh and ſob,
To ſee how he 'gainſt tree did bob:
She never lov'd him till that hour,
And him ſhe will invite to Tower.
She ſate her down to eaſe her joynts;
The Springal he unties his points.
Fair *Hero* noted him a while,
And prettily began to ſmile,
To ſee a comely youth and tall,
Could not hold that which needs muſt fall.
Now *Hero* fair had ſpi'd a vapour,
And ſends her maid with piece of paper;
But he before the Maid did come,
Ha'd ſavd that labour with his thumb

The

The Maid with bluſh turn'd back again
Seeing her labour was in vain.
Leander having done his taſk,
And made an end of hedging his Lask,
He turn'd about, and made no bones,
But with ſtick, rack't for Cherry ſtones
So as he ſtooped, he ſpi'd coming,
A gentle Nymph, whoſe pace was running.
He could not tell what to ſuppoſe,
But put up ſhirt into his Hoſe:
Leander ſtraight did follow Maid,
Untill he came where *Hero* laid.
Her cheek on hand, her arme on ſtump,
Her leg ongraſs, on mole-hill rump;
He with a gentle modeſt gate,
Plucking his Cap from off his Pate,
He thus beſpake her, Lovely Peat,
Behold, with running how I ſweat!
Oh, would I were that harmleſs ſtump,
Whereon thou lean'ſt; with that a thump,
Break from the intrails of his hoſe,
Hero was fearful, dreading foes,
Seeing a Cannon 'gainſt her bent,
That ſeem'd to level at her tent:
Leander having felt the ſcape,
And ſpi'd the Maid to laugh and gape:
And then began to ſmel a Rat,
And ſtole his hand down under's hat.
Hero did note his *Roger* good,
And how couragiously it ſtood:
At length ſhe asked him his name,
And wherefore that he thither came.
Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,
This is my walk Wedneſdales and Fridales,
I love to ſee the Squirrils play,
With bow and bolt I them do fray.
My name is young *Leander* call'd,
My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald:
Enough, quoth *Hero*, ſay no more,
Mum bug, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.

Now *Heros* love began to curdle,
She wisht his head under her girdle,
If so she had, I make no doubt,
But it would dash its own brains out;
And yet the *Stale* be neer the worse.
I may compare the head to purse,
VVhose mouth is fastned to a string,
And if the knot she chance to wring,
The money white will issue out:
He shoots most wide that hits the clout.
Now *Heros* love could not be hid,
Come hither love, 'tis I that bid.
Fear not, my love, to taste my lip,
Imagine me to be thy ship:
Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,
And in my Poop fear not to stand:
Stand to thy tackle on the hatches.
My Gunner room is free from matches:
Pull up my Sail to thy main yard,
My Compass use thou, and my Card:
Lay thou my anchor where thou please,
In broad, or in the narrow Seas;
And though the foaming Ocean fret,
Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.
Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,
(VVith that within her throat rose flegme)
Neer to that place there stands a Cloyster,
(Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyster)
Leander stole his foot upon it,
And treads it out with vailed Bonnet,
She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
And for another softly strains;
Her choler laid, she said, mark well,
And understand what I thee tell;
Come then my love, in twile of night;
The time when Owl and Bats take flight;
In lower window, I will place,
A taper bright as eyes in face;
VVhich light shall be thy load star bright,
Through waves to guide thee in the night;

And

And with a word, like Ivy wound
About his neck, arms claſped round;
Venus did neer more dote on *Don*,
VVhoſe heat in love was cold as ſtone,
Then *Hero* did on ſpringal young,
So down they fell together clung,
Upon a Primroſe hill moſt ſweet,
Their lips being joynd, their tongues did greet,
So high did grow the fragrant flowers,
Made freſh by youthful *Aprils* ſhowres.
But when ſhe ſaw them ly ſo cloſe,
She put the flowers under her noſe;
And ſo approaching to the place.
VVhere they lay panting face to face;
So high did grow the herbs ſo ſweet,
That cover'd them from head to feet;
Her maid then got into a tree,
VVhere plain ſhe might theſe lovers ſee.
Leander found the watry brook,
VVhere was never fiſh caught with hook,
Yet bobbing there had been good ſtore,
VVith great red wormes, ſome three or four.
Oh, who hath ſeen a ſtricken Deer,
Or from his eyes in water clear,
A dabled duck with dirt bemird
So *Hero* lay with pleaſure tir'd,
On Medlar branch the Maid doth ſit,
One Medlar with a many met;
Though ſhe was there, there was to ſee
Nothing but Medlars on the tree.
VVee'l leave the Maid upon a crotch,
Holding by hands, fitting on notch;
But the ſweet ſight did ſo intice,
That bough was met with her device.
And now *Leander* gets him up,
And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
His Cucko pintle he did thruſt
Into his Oxlip which was juſt,
His Batchelors button, ſtreight ariſe;
Made way into her Columbine.

His hooded hawk he then did bring her,
Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger:
His sprig of time, her branch of Rue,
His Primrose, and her Violet blue.
Leander lusty springal youth
Did now retire, 'twas so intruth:
Who, like some youthfull prodigal,
Must needs retire, having spent all.
He now returned to his friends,
Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.
The maid was greedy, though but silly,
She thought too much went by her belly;
Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,
That she did long to enter sight.
Ay chance a Weaver passing by,
Looking aside, she did him spie.
Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,
When he beheld the Freez land Mare,
Breaking his raines ty'd to a tree,
And even as like as like may be,
Setting the runt of horse aside;
Her rubbish did excel in Pride.
She looking earnest at the Weaver,
The medler branch sooth did deceive her.
Quoth she, alas! ah me, ah me!
What, was I born to fall from tree?
Her cloaths her head did canopy.
She was all bare from head to knee,
The [illegible] accurst, whose trade was scurvy.
Had thought the world had been turn'd topsi-turvy.
Now he tread as if on eggs,
He saw a Medlar 'twixt her leggs: ✻
I know not how they there did settle,
But in the weaver got his Shettle:
Where we will leave *Tom* trumpery,
To talk of other company.
Leander having fetcht his feet,
And *Hero* having covered knees.
Quoth she, I know thou art no dodger,
Sweet, have a care of trusty *Roger*,

My

My Dear, quoth ſhe, my Lover true,
Remember what you from me drew
Remember you being full of quiblits,
Remov'd your Hares head from my giblits.
With that a far off ſhe gan ſpy.
A fellow running with one eye.
He wore, becauſe his head was bald,
And old hats crown which hid the ſcald.
His noſe was crooked, long, and thin.
As ſharp and long appear'd his chin,
His eyebrows hung upon his cheeks,
His head did grow like bed of leeks.
His back did over-look his head.
One of his armes is doot nail dead:
His fingers wore for Liveries,
Nailes long as *Cupids* Quiver is:
Upon his back he wore coat blue.
His face would make a dog to ſpue:
His legs did go four waies at once,
He was all skin, ſave ſome few bones.
Then *Hero* ſaid, The weary hour
Is come for me to go to Towre.
Then farewel Love *Leander* ſaid,
And ſtraight ſhe whiſled for her Maid:
By this *John Hedgbogg* drew him nigh,
For that his name was, not to lye.
His one eye in her face did peer,
Quoth he, who'd thought t'have found you here?
Come, to your father you muſt go,
Leander trod upon his toe.
And ſaid with biting of his thumb,
That you ſaw me, no words but mum:
So put his hands to pocket twice.
And gave him two Cans, or the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
Away ſhe goes with this hedg creeper.
He now deviſ'd what courſe to take,
Fearing that dough would be his Cake.
If it were known: So home he goes,
Paſſing the time in eating ſloes.

His mind doth run on *Heroes* lap,
At fathers doore he now doth rap:
Which Porter hearing turnes the lock,
With brazil staff, and comely Frock:
Where we will leave him for a while,
And unto *Hero* turn our stile.
Fair *Hero* having past the Spont,
She now was come unto the Cont ——
Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt:
Her heart in passion 'gan to melt.
Unto the Tower close she took,
And with her finger did unhook
The casement, looking forth on stream,
The Star-light 'gan on Flood too gleam:
For now brave *Titan* banisht was,
Now long leg' Spiders creep on grass;
When Nightingales do sit and sing,
With prick 'gainst breast, and Fairyes ring:
Two houres fill'd hath been the guise;
Men now begin to go to Rut:
When man in Rug doth cry in night;
Look well to locks and fire-light;
The time when *Thomas* with his team,
Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream:
When City gates are shut, not open:
And Dutchmen cry what all *A-slopen*,
About this time fair *Hero* stood,
Watching *Leander* in the flood.
She calls for smock, and puts off fowl,
Washing her parts with sope in bowl.
Her foot she wash't, O pretty foot.
(But yet I am not come unto't:)
Of knee she washt the comely pan,
And now I come unto't anan;
Her thighes she washt with veins so blue,
Her Pode likewise of sable hue;
Below the bottom of her belly,
Did grow a toy of shape most selly;
Though enough to make a child afear'd,
Two Curral lips with a black beard.

And

And as that beast that's kept for breed,
Lets fly her water as she has need,
VVhich done, her Funnel sh' turns out and in,
VVhich was so like, as't the same had bin;
Here will we leave her nak'd as nail;
And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,
Much like a Bird bolt being sent,
From Brazil Bow and trusty string,
VVith feathers of the gray goose wing.
He took him to a trusty rock,
And stript him to the ebon nock.
And being naked look'd like *Mars*,
VVith Purple scab upon his A
The seam betwixt his Cod that went,
Seem'd like to *Cupids* bow unbent,
The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
Did hang much like a nest of sparrows.
But some may think this is a fable.
He was fring'd with hair from Nock to navle.

Fego, saith he, so forth he goes,
The gravel got between his toes.
Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God.
Still running with his hand on Cod.
O who hath seen a wanton Roe.
Iump or'e the Fearn, indeed even so
The lively Skip-Jack mounts and falls,
And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.
Even with that word with speedy motion,
He leaps into the foaming Ocean:
Th' enamoured Fishes 'bout him flock,
Some play in arm-holes, some in nock;
Endimions love then shone outright;
He spi'd in *Heros* Tower a light;
And in the window looking out,
A lovely face, that seem'd to pout;
By this fair *Hero* might discern,
Leanders head, but not his Stern,
That frisked underneath the waves;
And this is all fair *Hero* craves.

Fego is a word of encouragement, as we cry St. George

And

To

To see himself within her bed.
Whom billows beat now on the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
He yerks out legs and lets armes slacke
† But then above the water floated,
The true loves-lump. which *Hero* noted,
Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,
That could discern so far by night.
He was much troubled with a Shad,
That did pursue this lovely Lad.
The envious fish did so torment him,
As had't been I, I should have sheat him;
And said, thou art a scabby fish,
To nibble at fair *Heroes* dish.
Hero did note how he was troubled:
The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled:
She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats;
Iovenius meets a shole of sprats
They him beseige on every side,
Betwixt his armes and legs they glide.
Neptune, the dreadful God of Seas.
On wom did never stick March-Fleas.
Taking in hand his good Eele Spade,
Towards *Leander* straight he made.
The Shad and Shole of Sprats did flye,
At sight of *Neptunes* angry eye.
The God then turn'd him up-side down,
And view'd his parts from head to crown:
He dally'd with his slfine locks,
And bears him up from shelf and rocks.
His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kist,
No part of Yonker *Neptune* mist.
Now *Hero* of his love made doubt,
And wisht him there in yellow clout.
His thigh so white he still would feel,
Then he would kick with horn and heel.
Quoth *Neptune* then, O burlsome Boy,
Nay of my courting seem not coy.
Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,
I'le give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad;

† Here you must note nothing can be hid from true love,

Here the Author pitieth *Leander* & describeth the fish.

I am as great a God as *Mammon*,
Thou shalt have Ling, Poor Iohn and Sammon.
And if thou sayest thou wilt not blab,
Thou shalt have lobstir Prawn and Crab.
I tell thee I am no Curmudgeon,
Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.
The fish that is by Weavers eaten,
That must be first with beetle beaten.
Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,
Thou shalt have green fish and their Gubbins;
I'le bring thee where thou shalt soe Lig;
The lusty Oyster, shrimp, and Grig
Quoth he, thou swimmest without force,
And calls a Dolphin; mount this horse,
And when thy minde is somewhat laid,
Thou shalt arrive 'gainst Tow 'r of Maid,
For well I know thou 'rt thither going,
For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing:
I am, quoth he, if thou beest wroth,
Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth:
And so away from him he flies,
And water stood in *Neptunes* eyes.
But he again, quarel to pick,
Said, 'bide with me; quoth he, ne nick.
With that the God, with ireful hand,
Cast young *Leander* on the sand:
Where we will leave him, to say sooth,
Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth:
The watch of *Sestos* Tower came down;
With Bill in hand, Murrion on Crown.
Rug gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
By two and two this rusty band.
Did take their way unto the Plat,
Whereas *Leander* naked sat.
These Sons of night did streight him spy,
Who's there, quoth one? quoth he, 'tis I,
'Tis I, quoth he, is that an answer?
It is, quoth he, wer 't thou my Grandsire:
The wisest of them then did scan,
And said sure Neighbours 'tis mersman

Being lecherous meat.

Stock, fish.

Vnkindness will force tears sometime.

He had thes tooth ache.

Nay

Nay ſaid another, that's not ſo;
For this hath nails you ſee on Toe:
And meer man hath no feet but fins,
And this hath legs you ſee and ſhins,
Quoth one to ſea I ſhall him hunt,
Speak if I ſhall, with that the Cunt———
———Stable thus ſpake, what words ſpake he.
I think, ſayes one, ſome two or three,
Goe then in peace and ſtrike him down.
Then forth ſteps one with bill ſo brown.
A ſowre-ey'd Knave lapt up in rug,
For manners like your Weſtern Pug.
His name forſooth was cleiped *Wharton*,
He was ee'n borne at good *Hogs-Norton*;
This Dormouſe without wit or skill,
Run at *Leander* with his bill.
Leander lying on his face,
Not his back, Dunce running his race:
His hinder parts bore ſomewhat high,
Now was he come *Leander* nigh:
He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,
Bill fell from hands, Noſe ſtruck in nock.
Leander with a ſtart did riſe,
And breaks his noſe faſt by his eyes.
This I commend to thee for a ſearching mile. Oh who hath ſeen an archer good,
Poaking for arrow-head with wood;
So far'd this Clot-pole noſe to find
And grubbed till his eyes were blind:
But all in vain, the more he ſtrove,
The further in his noſe he drove,
For th' noſe indeed it ſtuck ſo faſt,
He was forc't to leave it, and againſt,
Runs unto *Harper* plain to be
There, Watchmen hired with pence three,
Who lifting up their gogling eyes,
They hear a voice, and thus it cries,
My noſe, my noſe: my noſe and eyes.
And ſtill tow'rd them he haſted.
Without his noſe his face all blaſted.
Away they ran for fear of foes,

Kib'd heeles to ſave they ran on toes.
For haſte we leave them running ſtill,
And to *Leander* turne our quill.
Hero was all this while in dumps,
Now 'gins he to beſtir his ſtumps.
Wrath for to ſay he now did ſmart,
He could not pull out noſe by art.
well to be ſhott for fear of Watch,
He runs to Tow'r and puls the latch,
Divineſt *Hero* was in bed,
The dore being ope, he in doth tread:
Yet for no ear ſhould hear him travel;
From feet he wipes the ſtony gravel:
So goes me on neerer and neerer,
And with one eye did underpeer her.
Night being warm the cloaths were off,
Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:
Leander thought it was no matter,
Though teeth within his head did chatter.
One hand he put upon her toe;
The other on her buggle boe,
Quoth he thus ſoftly, *Hero Hero*;
Away quoth ſhe, and come no neer-oh.
Yet thus ſhe ſaid when ſhe was waked.
Fye upon pride when men go naked:
A glimmering taper ſtood by bed;
Which in and our did put his head;
And by that light ſhe did him know,
Standing like image of Rye-dough.
The well-hung youth then ſpake this word,
Quoth he I muſt lay knife a-board.
I've ſwum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
Brine waves hath beat both neck and chin.

Leander in her Haven calls Anchor.

He rides ſecure in *Heros* rode,
Now he begins to lay on load
I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
Now *Hero* feels his twittle tum twats.
Alas poor ſoul ſhe did not ſtrive;

Leander

Teandir at her rump let drive.
He now forgot, as I suppose,
That in his hobler there was nose.
I'm come, said he, from side of shore,
Where lowsie beggars sat of yore.
And now the beggar makes me sing
The love of the *Campheman* King.

Leander's tale.

On this green bank he first did spy,
One sunny day the beggar lye,
Displaying to fair *Phœbus* fire,
The Marigold of Loves desire.
To Marigold I it compare,
'Cause twas the colour of her haire,
Which still to *Titan* was display'd,
In window King stands rich array'd,
And spies by chance the beggar lye,
Back to the ground, face to the Sky.
Then like the *Snake* She cast her *Skin*,
Whose amel'd body tumbled in
Her mothers lap in apron green,
And covered that, it was not seen:
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
All down her shoulders, and among
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,
Like hoared frosts shining by night.
When *Phœbe* and her silver train,
The Yard, *Orion*, and *Charles* Wain.
Look down upon the Spires of grass;
So Sprinkled was the head of Lass.
She wreath'd her body on one side,
Her leggs a mole-hill did divide.
Campheman's mouth did water shed,
Fancies and toyes were in his head.
Under her arme did *Cupid* lye.
And shot *Campheman* in the eye.
Who closely stood in window peeping

It might have been any mans case.

Pe

Whilſt beggar poor on bank lay ſleeping,
He took his love ere ſhe did riſe,
And ſung this note with tears in eyes.

Oh King, what art thou but a bubble
That ſwims in ſtream ſo ſwift;
Thy joy ſoon turns to grief and trouble,
Much like a boat at drift;
That ſcourged is from poop of Ship,
That wanders in the Ocean;
The beggar turn'd upon her hip,
Than lay ſtill without motion.

He takes me his proſpective glaſs,

My paſſion ſhall appear in print,
Make readie preſt good Hedger,
Say that Cawphetua *ſaw a diss;*
And fell in love with beggar.

Ah me poor King! I'm now a captive made
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
What ſhall I ſay in this? what ſhall I do?
Shall I love her to foot hath neer a ſhooe?
I am a King, my ſtate in State is mighty,
Shall I love her who hath ſold Aqua-vitæ?
My rich bloud boyles by this ſo ſweet eſpial,
Even like a Boar, ſo chafes my Collop Royal,
He calls for page, and him for water ſends;
This way and that; he the proud Griſſel bends;
The reaſon why his bobber ſtood ſo ſtiff,
Uncover'd lay the ſilly beggars cliff.
As he was ſtanding his full view to take,
He ſpy'd her ſtreteh, and ſtretching gan to wake:
Being big with *Thomas*, ſhe held up one leg,
And like the Ant, on mole hill laid her egg.
Then did ſhe riſe with ſuch a rude behaviour,
That Royal noſe took winding of that ſavour;
Which made him ſay, behold I come to win thee,
Now I perceive that thou haſt ſome thing in thee.

Down,

Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purse of Gold.

The end of this passion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, grass and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a crutch did cry, God save his grace,
The honest King bad all forsake the place.
Which when the Lords and all the rest were gone,
Quoth he speak beggar and speak words but one.

Wilt thou forsake thy beggars life,
And leave off wearing patche ?
Thou shalt no more wear string in knife,
He throws the beggar catches:
Deer take this purse; nay be not coy;
The simple mute doth stand,
Quoth she, my Liege, *Per don a moy*,
So fell on knee and hand.
Thou shalt, quoth he, I do not mock,
If thou wilt take my offer,
Have stocking, shoo, and Holland smock,
Eke gold to put in coffer,
Thy rooms they shall be hung with arras,
Head stuck with silver pins:
Thou shalt no more sell Rosa-solis,
Nor buy the Coney-skins.
But first resolve me truly this,
Hath any tag or rag
Put Probe into thy Orifice,
Or watered thy black Nag ?
No, doughty Liege, I'le tell you true,
Though poor, I have been chaste;
No man did ever here imbrue,
Pointing beneath her waste,
With that he took her by the hand,
Which was by *Thebus* patcht;

Quoth

Quoth he arise, arise and stand:
To lodge of King they marcht,
Which when they came in room call'd private,
None but themselves alone.
A lowsie beggar he lets drive at,
'Twas dark, her name was *Ioan*.
Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he;
So layes her down on back;
And with his finger he doth not linger,
But pulls me out his tack.
His Tassel gentle he did put
Into her homely Mwe,
His Rounsifal into her Cob-nut,
In bladder were Beans blue.
He laid her head against a stoop,
She knew well his pretence:
He taught the beggar her lyripoop,
And paid her odd five pence.
He used art with both his thumbs,
Quoth she, dread Lord, no more;
His Curral tickled her tooth-gums,
Yet open stood the door:
With finger wet came in a Lord,
Who heard a noise in house;
Sayes beggar now, dread Lord, no word,
But peace and catch a mouse.
The noble spy'd them very soon,
And fell low on his knee.
He saw the King in his hony-moon,
And all to be shitten was he.
Quoth baron bold, *Compliment* then,
Your Grace may have down paller:
Now he regards not Nobleman,
But coo't he goes ding-wallet.
Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhorre,
Being man was in that place;
He puts in Glasting-uri-core
Before the young mans face:
Well, Noble man at last 'gan call,
Quoth King to Lord, go down,

Tack by reason it would hold tack.

Her Walls was hid under her.

And

And bring me here a Camphire ball,
I'le waſh from head to crown.
And as you go give order ſtreight,
Unto the Cook for ſupper;
(Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)
Bring brimſtone and ſweet butter.
Go get thee gone, and bring with ſpeed
Thoſe things I have appointed;
Of Robes bring ſtore, truth is indeed,
I'le have my King anointed.

Quoth *Hero*, What became of *Yore*,
Sayes he, *Omnia vincit amor*.
He was o'recome and glad to flye,
To place where muffled he doth lye.
Leander now made end of tale,
Without ſhirt lineing, or ſtrict male:
Indeed his tale was well compact,
For every word he made an act.
Her legs Were ty'd in true loves knot,
On top of back, full well I wot:
Poor ſoul ſhe lay like cheek of Oxe
Stu'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.
The lark now ſings with cheerfull note,
And morn was come as gray as groat:
O day, quoth ſhe, to love moſt cruel?
Hero had meſs of water gruel,
Which ſtood by bed before provided,
And hand of *Hero* ſtreight it guided
To mouth of Puny to make ſtrong,
The knot of loves white-leather thong.
Then up he flings, and with a ſtart,
Quoth naked man, I muſt depart:
Firſt 'twixt her Pillars, truth to ſay,
Leander wrote, *Ne ultra*.
No ſooner he from bed did jump,
Out flew the noſe with ſuch a thump,
That *Heroes* Father in next room,
Did leave his bed and in did come.
Leander hears the man of age,

Who

Who call'd for ſword unto his page:
He ſeeing him come with much amazement;
He runs, and creeps out at the caſement:
His *Calla-when-pin-cough* indeed,
Was much indangered by his ſpeed,
For hook of window got it faſt,
And held him there till all ageſt,
Fair *Hero* roſe and went unto him,
And with her finger did undo him.
He down does fall without a word:
At window ſtruck old man with ſword,
Who ſeeing on floor there lye a noſe,
Quoth he, I've paid him I ſuppoſe:
This was the time when Fryars gray,
Did ring to Mattins break of day:
When Poets good do wake to plot,
And drunkard leaves his cloak for ſhot;
When Carriers put on ſhooes and hoſe,
And Maids do emptie ſtooles call'd cloſe:
That was the time when *Leander* fell,
From forth of window, truth to tell.
He had forſook his divine Pillows,
To fall among the rageing billows.
Blew-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
For the diſgrace he lately had;
This is the truth I need not blab;
Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:
And made the Proverb, ſure 'twas ſo,
That love muſt creep wher't cannot go.
And becauſe his dwelling was *Abidos*,
He was doom'd ever to creep ſide-waies.
Poor *Heros* ſorrow now redoubles,
He left her in a peck of troubles;
And ſenſeleſs man came to the Tow'r,
One ſenſe he wants having but four.
Now ſmel my meaning if you can,
With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *John*;
And all the reſt of *Mars* his crue.
Whoſe eyes were black, ſome gray, none blue.
This sheepshead-rable comes and knocks,

The fourth part of a buſhel

As they would break ope all the locks,
Fair *Heroes* Father in a rigor,
Hearing that noise, runs down like Tygor,
Quoth he, who's there? what, are ye drunk?
And still the more they stir'd, they stunk.
The Watch, sayes one, open the Gate.
The Watch sayes he, having a shrewd pate.
He ope's the door, and standeth still,
And spake these words. What is your will?
Our will, quoth they, what call you that?
And spi'd the nose pin'd in his hat,
Which when they all of them espi'd,
This, this is he, strike down they cri'd,
Then round about they him inviron,
And up they lift their rusty Iron.
He brake away, and bad them base,
And after they did run apace:
And ran direct, as I suppose,
For still the man did follow his Nose:
He follow'd close with his defect,
And still his nose was his prospect.
Oh, had they catcht him, them among,
And all their bills at him they flung.
But note the pitty of the Gods
Extended to these Hodmandods,
And first for him that lost his nose,
(The truth to you I will disclose;)
Because his face did seem to scowle,
The Gos transform'd him to an Owl.
And for this was it th dead of night,
They doom'd him never by day-light
To shew his being; so God *Pan*
Made the first Owl of a Watchman:
And when he thought to cry, my nose;
To whit, to hoo, he shreekt, and up he rose.
And being compelled by th angry God,
He clapt his wings and flew to *Tod*,
Yet the Gods fury was not done,
They were transform'd each mothers son.
Sayes one, Ye Gods, is it your will?

A famous Surgeon in his time.

And ſpake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:
And cauſe the Owl he ſhould not mock,
The Gods made him the firſt Wood-cock:
He wears the form of a Watchman ſtill,
And will for aye, witneſs his bill.
One Watchman he did ſtay behind,
And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:
The laſt was thinking how to run,
Saying, a fair thred they have ſpun:
Becauſe he ſaid theſe words in ſpight,
He liv'd and dy'd a bird of night:
His ill luck ſure I muſt not ſmother,
He did watch that night for another.
And for becauſe his ſhape was ill,
He never flies but in the twill——
In memory of this miſchance,
The Record you may ſee in *France*,
Upon each door where they muſt watch
In chalk they ſet on door or hatch,
The very form of a birds foot:
In *England* they come neeres to't,
For the three claws you plainly ſee,
That is for every claw a peny.
But now to old man in a trance,
We muſt proceed to his miſchance:
And to his grief, and much miſpriſion,
We'l tell what happed in his viſion:
There came to him, as't were in ſight,
A lovely Lady but no Knight.
The Lady ſeem'd for Lover loſt,
To be on bed of Nettle toſt;
Of Nettle, worſe! for to the quick,
She often had indur'd the prick.
Without complaining, and poor ape,
To her it ſeem'd but as a Iape.
As Poet-witty well could ſay,
A ſport, a merriment, a play.
But the poor Lady almoſt frantick,
As you may ſee in arras antick;
With hair diſhelv'd rooms about,

Vowing to find *Leander* out,
And get him in where no base patch,
With painted fluff, no rugged watch;
No nor her Father with head hoary,
Should come to interrupt the story;
That is she meant for her delight,
Leander in her book should write.
And blame her not to rave with ranging;
For she had lost her understanding,
Which standing stiffly to her, might have put,
Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
But I too far digress, this fearful sight,
The aged father from his wits did fright.
Or them from him, I know not whether;
But sure I am they went not both together.

A mad old man he was, and Lobe-dy'd,
Fair *Hero* like the wench that cry'd,
Till she was turned to a stone.
For her *Leander* made her moan.
But when she heard, poor silly drab;
That he was turn'd into a crab?
She then fell down as flat as Flownder,
Her Floodgates open't, and her own water drown'd her.

The EPITAPH.

They both were drown'd, whilest Love and Fate contended;
And thus they both pure flesh, like pure fish ended.

THE

THE MOCK ROMANS.

Damsel.

FLy from the forest Squires; fly crafty spark:
I fear like Child, whom Maid hath left in dark.

Squire.

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pin:
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Lampkin Knight, and shall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,
When Gyant vile calls Knight a sneaking elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
This Gyant stood on shore of Sea to fish:
For angling Rod he took a sturdy Oak,
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke:
His hook was such, as heads the end of Pole,
To pluck down house e're fire consumes it whole?
His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
And then on Rock he stood to bob for whale:
Which streight he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back.
So homeward bent, his eye too rude and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedg a sunning.
That Modicum of meat he down did lay,
(For it was all he eat on Fasting day.)
They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots
Now flick to Lady Knight, and with boots.

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.

Gyant,

BOld recreant wight: what fate did hither call thee,
To tempt his strength that has such power to man
How durst thy puling Damsel hither wander? (thee.
What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander.

Damsel,

Patience sweet man of might: alas Heaven knows,
we onely hither came to gather flows.
And bullies two or three, for truth to tell ye,
I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.
I' fecks, if you'l believe it, nought else was meant sure
By this our jaunt, which Etrans call adventure.

Gyant,

Shall I grow meek as babe, when every Trull is
So bold to steal my flows, and pick my bullies?

Knight,

Fear not let him storm on and still grow rougher,
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,
Canst neer endure a blemmish or eeclips,
From such a hook-nos'd, foul-mouth'd blobber lips:
Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,
I le see him first hang'd as high as any steeple.

Gyant,

If I but upward heave my Oaken twig,
I'le teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig,
Within my forrest bounds; what doth she ail,
But she may serve as Cook to dress my Whale?
In this her damsels tire, and robe of Sarsenet,
She shall souse bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs hersnet.

Knight,

Monster vile, thou mighty ill bred Lubber,
Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber?

Shall

Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confess her)
With Canvas apron, cook thy meat at Dresser?
Shall she that is of soft and pliant mettle,
(Whose fingers silk would gaul) now scowre a Kettle?
Though not to scuffle given, now I'le thwart thee,
Let *Blowze* thy daughter serve for shillings forty.
'Tis meeter I think, such ugly Baggages
Should a Kitching drug for yearly wages.
Then gentle she, who hath been bred to stand
Neer chair of Queen, with Island shock in hand,
At questions and commands all night to play,
And Amber posset eat at break of day;
Or score out Husbands in the charcoal ashes,
With Country Knights, not roring Country Swashes.
Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far,
To play on Virginals and the gittar,
Then stir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Cauldron,
When thou'rt to break thy fast on a Bulls chaldron.

Gyant,
Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,
And deal your Love sich noddle such a dole,
That every blow shall make so huge a clatter.
Men ten leagues off shall ask Ha! what's the matter?

Damsel.
Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able.
And want of breeding makes the proud to squable;
Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,
Though (las!) thy mother was a sturdy Queane;
Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
But keep thy blustring breath to cool thy broth.

Knight.
Whine not my love, his fury streight will waste him,
Stand off a while, and see how I'le lambast him.

Squire.
Now look to't Knight, this such a desperate blade is,
In Gaul he swing'd the valiant Sir *Armadis*.

Dwarfe.
With bow now *Cupid* shoot this Son of Punk,
With Cross-bow elfe or Pellet out of Trunk!

Gyant.
Ile strike thee till thou sink where thy abode is,
Of weights that sneak below, call'd *Antipodes*.

Enter Merlyn.
My art shall turne this combat to delight,
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.

SOme Christian people *all* give ear,
Unto the grief of us,
Caused by the death of three children dear;
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there befell an accident,
By faule of a Carpenters Son.
Who to *Saw* chips his sharp Axe lent,
Woe worth the time may *Lon*——

May *London* say, Wo worth the Carpenter,
And all such *Block-head* fools.
would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jesting with edg tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which put out in such flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lives beyond the *Thames*.

For *Lon* the bridg was wondrous *high*
With water underneath.
O're which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not with *standing*.

And eke into the water fell,
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyld* and *roasted* Fishes,

And that the Bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contumptious,

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *Fire*,
I'le *warm* you with the *water*.

I'le tell you what the Rivers name is,
where these children did side-a,
It was fair *Londons* swifteſt *Thames*;
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

All on the tenth of *January*,
To the wonder of much people:
'Twas frozen o're; that well 'twould bear,
Almost a Countrey Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great wager makes:
But when he saw he could not win,
He fight, and would have drawn stakes,

He said it would bear a man for to ride,
And laid a hundred pound;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three Children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*——
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon- a-London.

Oh! mis-tut torn from thy sinfull race,
Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drowned, *a lack, a lack,*
The water run down their throats,
And stopt their breaths three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats.
Ye Parents all that *Children have,*
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen,
If that they had been *drown'd.*

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
For fear they should go from him,
So tye your children with severities clogs,
Unty-um, *and you'l* undo-um.

God bless our noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bless all th' *Commons* of this Land,
And God bless some o'th' Peers.

The

The PIGG.

(1)

I Sing not reader of the fight
'Twixt Bailiffs and that doubghty Knight
Sir *Ambroſe*, ſung before:
Nor of that diſmal Counter ſcuffle,
Nor yet of that Pantofle,
They ſay the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey cock with Pigmies fray,
Or whether then did get the day,
Nor yet *Tom Coriats* ſhooes;
Nor yet the ſwyne-fac'd Maidens head,
Ith' *Netherlands* they ſay was bred,
Is ſubject of my Muſe.

(3)

But in Rime Doggril I ſhall tell,
What danger to a Pigg befell,
As I can well rehearſe;
As true as if the Pig could ſpeak
On Spit, in Proſe would either ſqueak,
Or grunt it out in verſe.

(4)

A boyſterous rout of armed Hoſt
Iuſt as the Pig was ready roſt,
Ruſht in at doors, [God bleſs us!
The leader of this warlike rout,
Strong men at armes, and ſtomack ſtout,
I ween was Captain *Boſſus*,

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they ſuch ſtore of Sows had ſeen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies:
And *Baſſus* men neer *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to abbies.

(6)

It was a tithe Pigg I confeſs,
And ſo the crime might be no leſs,
Then if't Caſſock wore;
But yet in Orders it was neer,
Nor ever preacht, unleſs it were,
I'th tub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it popishly inclin'd,
Although by forreſt law their kind,
Are taught to uſe the Ring;
What though it wore a Scarlet-Coat,
It ne're appear'd ith Kirk to vote,
For her fine baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, ſuch dainty Cates,
Were nere ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th earth is theirs;
The Saints by faith and Plunder have
An heritance, and muſt inſlave
Malignants and their Heirs.

[9]

Fall on, fall on, they cry aloud,
This Pigs of Antichriſtian brood,
You'l find we are no daſtards;
Their teeth ſo sharp, their ſtomacks keen
That *Marriots* you would them ween,
Or *Weed* of *Kents* own Baſtards.

[10]

But now to tell how from the paws
Of th unlickt whelps with greedy jaws
This pigg eſcap'd, hereafter;
As then our bellies 'gan to prank it,
(Thanks to *Beſſe* for that good banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter.

[11]

A ſturdy Laſs with courage bold,
On Pig, and ſpit, and all laid hold,
And ſwore she would it reſcue:
For whether they their teeth did ſet,
For anger, or for hunger whet,
She way'd not what a reſcue,

[12]

This brave encounter had you ſeen,
You would have ſworn ſhe would be Queen
Of th' Amazons, or Fayries;
And if she make good the retreat,
Her ſole Protectreſs wee'l create
Of Milkmaids and their Dairies.

(13)

Up ſtairs ſhe marcheth in a trice,
And ſafely conveyed is the Greice
Into my Ladies chamber;
Such holy grounds not trod by thoſe,
Whoſe armpits, and whoſe ſockleſs toes,
Are not ſo ſweet as amber.

(14)

The Jews nere eat their Paſcal Lamb
In half ſuch haſte, as we did cram
This Pig unto our dinners:
Like Presbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to ſinners.

(15)

And when this ſtory of the Pig
Was done the pettitoes a jigg
Came tripping in at ſupper;
'Twas meat and drink to us to ſee
The ſouldiers by the jade to be
Thus thruſt beſide the cruppes.

ON
DOCTOR GILL,
Master of
PAULS SCHOOL.

IN *Pauls* Church-yard in *London*,
There dwells a noble Ferker,
Take heed you that pass,
Lest you taste of the Lash;
Still doth he cry,
Take him up,
Take him up, Sir.
Untruss with expedition,
O the Burchen tool,
VVhich he winds ith' *School*,
Frights worse then an Inquisition.
If that you chance to pass there,
As doth the man of blacking,
He insults like a puttock,
O're the prey of the buttock,
VVith a whipt Ass sends him packing.
Still doth, &c.
For when this well truss'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter,
With his Naphin at his nose.
And his Orange stuft with cloves:
On any Ass he l venter.
Still doth, &c.
A French man void of *English*,
Enquiring for *Pauls* steeple,
His pardon a Moy
He counted a toy,
For he whipt him before all People.
Still doth, &c.

A Welch man once was whipt there,
Until he did beshit him,
His Cuds-plutter a-Nail,
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-britain.
Still doth, &c.
A Captain of the Train'd-band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius Wallis*:
He whipt him so sore,
Both behind and before:
He notcht his Ass like *Tallis*,
Still doth, &c.
For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
Neglected with a Cabbage.
He took up the Male Pillion,
Of his bouncing maid *Gillian*,
And sowe't her like a baggage.
Still doth, &c.
A Porter came in rudely,
And disturb'd the humming Concord:
He took up his Frock,
And paid his nock.
And sawe'd him with his own Cord.
Still doth he cry, &c,

GILL

GILL upon GILL.

OR

Gills Ass uncas'd, unstript unbound,

SIR, did you me this Epistle send,
Which is so vile and lewdly pen'd,
In which no line I can espy
Of sense, or true Orthography.
So slovenly it goes,
In Verse and Prose.
For which I must pull down your hose:
O good Sir then cry'd he,
In private let it be,
And do not sawce me openly,
Yes Sir, I'le sawce you openly,
Before *Sound* and the Company;
And that none at thee may take heart,
Though thou art a Batchelour of Art;
Though thou hast paid thy Fees
For thy degrees.
Yet I will make thy ass to sneer;
And now I do begin
To thresh it on thy skin,
For now my hand is In. is In.
First for the *Theams* which thou me sent,
Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent;
And for that barbarous piece of Greek,
For which in *Garthaus* thou didst seek,
And for thy faults not few,
In tongue *Hebrew*:
For which a Grove of Birch is due;
Therefore me not beseech:
To pardon now thy breech:
For I'le be thy Ass Leach, Ass Leach:
Next for the offence that thou didst give,
When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,
And hadst thy As in *Wadham* Coll. *mult*,
For bidding sing, (a) *Quicunque vult*

(a) When he was Clark of Wadham, and being by his place to begin a Psalm, he sung out of Church, bidding the people sing to the praise and glorie of God, Quicunque vult.

And

He was toſſ'd in a blanket

And for thy Blanketting,
And many ſuch a thing.
For which thy name in town doth ring,
And none deſerves ſo ill,
To hear as bad as *Gill*.
Thy name it is a Proverb ſtill.

A knaves tongue and a Whores tail who can hold.

Next ſince thou a Preacher were,
Thou ventreſt haſt ſuch raſcal Geer,
For which the French men all cry'd fie,
To hear ſuch a Pulpit Ribauldry,
And ſorry were to ſee,
So worthy a degree,
So ill to be beſtowed on thee;
But glad am I to ſay
The Maſters made thee ſtay.
Till thou in † *Quarto* didſt them pray.

He did it four times for his degree.

But now remains the vileſt thing,
The Ale houſe barking 'gainſt the KING.
And all his brave and noble Peers,
For which thou ventredſt for thy ears,
And if thou hadſt thy right,
Cut off they had been quite,
And thou hadſt been a Rogue in ſight:
But though thou mercy find,
Yet I'le not be ſo kind,
But, I'le jerk thee behind, behind.

FINIS.

D X
0 648

105631

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION